Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M. L. should be aware that we are not at liberty to name our correspondents, though we should have no hesitation in furnishing him with the address of the writer to whom he alludes, if his purpose would be answered. The report alluded to by him reached us through half a dozen sources—from his partner, Mr. S., among others. The rider that wanted a place has been re-engaged, as no reply to our letter was received for nearly two months. Is he quite sure that some one has not misrepresented to him?

A list of the blood stock of J. L., Esq. of Macon, Ga. appeared in the last number of the "Turf Register," page 366. A letter for him to our care from London, received per the "Great Western," was forwarded through the post on Monday last.

J. B. R., Esq., of York, is apprised of the receipt of his letter, the contents of which shall be faithfully attended to.

T. W. W., Esq. of Poplar Mount, is informed that our orders for Red Foxes are filled. Nothing would give us more pleasure than to join himself and friends in a run some fine morning; if "the *Spirit* is willing," and we ever get able to mount ourselves on a bit of blood that can go the pace, we may astonish his weak nerves, one of these days, by going at a rasper.

J. T. L., Esq., of M., can be supplied exactly to his mind. A gentleman of character and sound judgment is about sailing for England, for the express purpose of purchasing stock, who will, for a trifling commission, comply with his instructions to the letter. The expense of two delivered in Georgia would be from $1500 to $2000, exclusive of insurance. For average prime cost of first raters, refer to the sales of the Hampton Court, Sir Mark Wood's, and other studs, as reported in the "Spirit."

J. W. W. shall be furnished with the certificates, pedigrees, etc., wanted immediately, upon the return of a gentlemen now out of town. His proposition shall be made known to the parties.

Owing to the Editor's attendance at the races on Long Island, during the week, he finds it utterly impossible to pay the attention they deserve, to his correspondents.

Half a dozen articles in type are unavoidably crowded out this week, and among those on file for immediate insertion are reports of races at Lexington, Ky., and Tuscumbia, Ala. Also, "Veterinarius"—Pittsburgh Boat Race—Letter from Jas. B. Kendall, Esq.—"Yankee"—"Knickerbocker"—"A Young Turfman"—Sharp Shooting---"A Constant Reader"---D. on Sweepstakes, and a raft of others.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of files of Paris and London papers from our friend and correspondent "Jacob Twigg," for which he will please accept our "most dutiful."

With forty answers for "all sorts of people," we are obliged to stop here, not having room for a word more, no how we can fix it.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1839.

ADVICE TO THE "MIRROR."

The "Star" has gone a little out of its way this week to attribute to this paper hostile designs upon our neighbor of the "Mirror," and suggests, with the wisdom which it has derived from a long and dearly bought experience, that the way to ruin an enemy is not an indirect and treacherous undermining, but an open and manly competition. How open we may be to the charge of attempting to injure the "Mirror," all our readers can at once judge—especially that portion of them who are ever abusing us because we have called that paper a clever periodical, and its editor a poet. But without caring to reply to the pregnant insinuation of the "Star," its little paragraph has afforded us food for some reflection, and we are determined to print it.

And our first remark is upon the singularity of an editor's ever selecting the columns of a contemporary for its attacks upon its neighbors, and its defence of itself. The "Mirror" should be told that there is no danger that the truth will lose its weight by the temporary delay of its publication, and that the most natural and manly mode of assaulting a foe is ever the most effectual in a good cause. If the "Mirror" wishes to blow up the "New Yorker," the "Corsair," or the "Spirit," let it come out openly in its own columns, that the editors of these latter journals may know what they have to do with. To seek for refuge behind the skirts of the "Star," or from that covert to launch its weapons, indicates a skulking enemy, with a bad cause. This suggestion has not been forced from us so much by the recent reply of the "Mirror" to some remarks of the "Corsair," (for in this case an *immediate* answer might have been thought indispensable,) but the recollection, now called up, of the mode in which the "Mirror" usually conducts its warfares. Make an attack upon it—censure it upon grounds really fair and tenable, and you hear not a word of the attack in the "Mirror;" but in the "Star," or, perhaps, in some distant country paper, of the existence of which you had previously been scarce aware, you meet with a seasonable paragraph, repressing the zeal of friends who might be disposed to side with the assailant, and attributing the attack to the most unworthy motives. Let every man fight his own battles, and every paper likewise,—there is no such pre-eminence of dignity on the part of the "Mirror," that it should claim exemption from this rule; when the "Mirror" is attacked, let it return the assault, and not turn the luckless combatant about to conclude the controversy with a hundred scattered foes, who may lend their shelter to its aid.

And now that we are upon the topic, let us advise the "Mirror" further.—Let it entreat of its neighbor of the "Star" to cease entirely those Friday puffs, which, for many a month past, have disgraced the puffed and puffer, and disgusted the public. The "Mirror" is good enough to stand on its own bottom, and can certainly get along without a stereotyped puff thrust upon the public, at regular intervals, which, at the best, can only elevate that periodical to the level of Grand Jean's wigs, or Delavan's hardware. The "Star" accuses us of a wish to injure the "Mirror," by decrying it. No attacks of ours, however well directed, can ever effect it half so injuriously as have those Friday puffs, to which we have alluded, in the "Star,"—notorious and egregious puffs, distinguished by this paradoxical eminence—a marvellous variety in their mode of expression, and a sickening sameness in their substance. However innocent the "Mirror" may be of these puffs, yet the public most indubitably believe that they are paid for—they class them in the same category with the ingenious essays which enliven the London press, opening with the expression of some pointed truth or honest sentiment, and concluding with a warm commendation of the virtues of "Day and Martin's Japan Blacking," and "Rowland's Macassar Oil;" they receive the same credence for their fairness and honesty—for the "Star" has not sufficient character for disinterestedness to cheat, by a show of good-nature, a single reader into a belief that those puffs are the candid expression of the editor's opinions. It is a part of a gagging system which we should regret to see generally adopted, however successful the "Star" may find it, standing in that particular, in comparison with the daily press, "solitary and alone."

We must yet find time for a little more advice to this next-door neighbor whom, till we read the "Star" of Tuesday, we supposed we had been aiding with all the influence of our pen and press. Eschew, with all speed, the brood of profligate London penny-a-liners, with too many of whom the "Mirror" has already been associated, and each one of whom will inevitably get it into difficulties, not unlike that which called for the paragraph in the "Star." This brood of London scribblers, former *attachés* of the scandalous portion of the London Sunday press, are from time to time infesting our city, and no one paper has done so much to encourage them by its direct support, or silent countenance, as this same "Mirror." Most of them are utterly devoid of principle, and when you catch one who is so, like the author of the recent pamphlet published by Saunders, he is the most rancorous scoundrel and unmitigated blackguard that you can meet. With some acquirement, and the free use of the pen, obtained in a school of newspaper corruption in the old country, to which we have nothing quite paramount, they set about them in this city for employment, and loan their pens with equal readiness to blazon the virtues of Brandreth's pills, laud the effusions of some ambitious poet, or stab reputation in the dark. In either line their services are at the command of your money; but their favorite department is slander; they will vilify a stranger, abuse some starveling actor, or outrage all decency by calumniating a gentleman, and slandering a lady, at a less price, even, than they will write the puff direct. There is to them a reward for the work of infamy higher than their mere pay: it gives them a consequence in their own eyes—they have the reputation of their neighbors in their power, and they glory in the prostitution by which they effect their purposes; they think to command respect in the eyes of others by their eminence in infamy, and swell with pride, and look frowningly upon those they hate, as if to say, "Beware! I am he who last week slandered A, and yesterday the wife of B—I have written for the Satirist!"

One of these reptiles was connected with the "Mirror" some three or four years since; he was of the higher order of the miscreants, could write better than a police reporter, and had some learning—but he was a slanderer; and though he commenced his work while on a respectable footing, in which he was maintained by the editor of the "Mirror," the old devil within him at last broke out—he was detected—he floundered through from one stage to another of his calling, but reached, we learned, before he ran away from the country, the lower seats of the "profession." Saunders, the publisher, would seem to have got hold of another of the wretches, and *he* has stalked into an infamous notoriety at the first "go-off." He is known as "O. Hum & Co.," and wrote a long pamphlet, which Saunders published, and the "Star" puffed! But it is due the "Star" to state, that they subsequently disavowed the puff, but they did it in much the same way in which they usually castigate notorious infamy! This pamphlet, "to be issued in numbers, in the style of the Pickwick Papers, by Boz," (something like this was the publisher's announcement,) Mr. Saunders doubtless thought a witty satire;—it was a notorious libel, slanderous as malice could invent, and (if our readers can comprehend this without seeing the book) most libellous when true!

All the gentlemen attacked by "O. Hum & Co." were known to us; every one of them with whom we have spoken on the subject has assured us that he had no personal knowledge of the man who wrote the pamphlet; he was, however, very soon discovered, when lo! it appeared that some five or six gentlemen had been libelled and calumniated by a stranger, who could have borne them no individual hate, because they had never exchanged a syllable with him, nor even met him.

It would be almost idle for us to enter further into this business,—to state the grounds upon which every individual attacked came to the prompt conclusion that the pamphlet emanated from the "Mirror" office. There was no division of opinion amongst them—each had a distinct train of circumstantial evidence to adduce, by which to nail the author of the libel to the counter of the "Mirror." We had little *direct* concern in the business, for we had not been attacked—why should *we* have been?—and we knew well that our friends of the "Corsair" and the other victims, were competent to take care of themselves, and that the slander was in fact, harmless, for its excess of malice; but we early made inquiries in the "proper quarter," and learned that Gen. Morris had nothing to do with it, and thenceforward we had almost forgotten the subject.

It has now been revived; the New Yorker recently put a significant question to the "Mirror," and the "Corsair" has followed up with a direct notice attributing the authorship of the pamphlet to Gen. Morris—if not the immediate and personal, at least the substantial authorship, as if he had suggested the plan and furnished the food. This charge, Gen. Morris has denied *in toto*, making his denial as broad as the terms of the charge. The "Corsair" will explain the matter as they may; we should not have alluded to it, but for the paragraph in the "Star," which named *us* a party to a conspiracy to injure the "Mirror" by underhanded attacks. The "Mirror" must know pretty well that our attacks upon others, if we make any, are at least open and direct. It is not, therefore, worth our while to reply to the charge of the "Star," but it at once suggested these rambling remarks, which the fine sport on the Island has with difficulty allowed us to write out thus meagrely. Let us close them with repeating this last advice to our neighbor of the "Mirror."

Avoid these pestilent libellers, as you abhor falsehood, treachery, and cowardice, and honor truth and manliness. The creeping scoundrels are never to be trusted, not even when writing the praises of virtue—

——— "timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

However convenient may be their fluency of style, and variety of knowledge, and however honest the use to which you would put them, when once you detect them in a lie, when you know that in a single instance they have sought to give piquancy to their writings by retailing falsehood, and cruelly slandering a woman, from that moment shun them as you would pollution—all contact with them is contaminating—they defile like pitch.

A good Novel. JAMES has written a new novel, which the HARPERS have just published. How is it possible for us to have got through more than one chapter of it, with two or three races each day to see upon the island, a new opera to be heard at the National, and Miss TREE playing at the Park? Verily our labour of love in these latter days is neither light nor simple. Yet have we had time to read one delightful chapter of "Charles Tyrrell," from the pen of a favourite author. There is a freshness about his descriptions ever grateful, and his narrative is direct, simple, and flowing; he appears to be less anxious to excite the admiration of his readers by brilliant wit, pointed apothegms and false sentiment, miscalled philosophy, than to awaken their sympathies for virtue and manliness. He is our especial favourite among historical novel writers, and we crave the thanks of the reader for thus pointing out to him this new source of pleasure and profit, "Charles Tyrrell, or the Bitter Blood."

The same publishers have likewise recently re-published a late novel by Miss MARTINEAU, called "Deerbrook." This we received so late, that we have not been able to open it. The London press, even that portion of it most hostile to the political tenets of the author, acknowledge the merits of the novel to be great. With a single exception, the mind of Miss Martineau it must be confessed, is the most vigorous which now adorns the world of letters, and she has the truest feeling for natural beauty, as was evinced in the published extracts from her travelling diary in our Western country.

Foreign Sporting Intelligence.—On another page the reader will find the reports of the Chester races, and the Second Spring meeting, at Newmarket. The unusual length of our selections from English Magazines, and *with* the mass of domestic sporting news, compel us to omit our usual variety from foreign newspapers. The betting on the Derby had some curiosities attendant upon it which we desired to note. On the 10th of May, a week before the race, they laid 1000 to 15 against Bloomsbury and "no questions asked." He subsequently improved in the betting, but 30 to 1 are the lowest odds we have seen quoted against him. We have a report of the race before us, which we found in our file of the "Morning Post" last week, but although the "Post" is the best sporting paper among the English dailies, yet the report is far too much like that of our own dailies to find admittance in the "Spirit." The reader must look sharp at the Chester races, as Harkaway was beaten there in a race which we neglected to name last week. In the English Calendar we observe too, that he had recently been beaten in Ireland, four miles out, by a horse called Cregan. But all these things—will they not appear in a future number of the "Spirit?"

MADEMOISELLE DE SAMPAYO.

We have before us various documents circulated by the mother, guardian, and friends of Mademoiselle Sampayo, detailing the unsuccessful efforts which they have been making for several months past in order to wrest the person and immense fortune of that youthful heiress from the grasp of the Duke and Duchess de Palmella. Our readers are aware of the iniquitous manner in which Don Pedro's Prime Minister and influential adviser availed himself of the fall of Don Miguel and of the rigours exercised towards his partisans to obtain possession of the person of the Count de Povoa's child, then only nine years old, and to have her betrothed to his eldest son. We have also noticed the circumstances under which Mdlle. de Sampayo has been withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Paris civil tribunal, and since concealed from her family and friends, in defiance of the laws of Portugal and of the decrees of the Lisbon Courts. Such has been the ascendancy of the Duke of Palmella, that at the very seat of the first tribunals of the Cortes, Government, and Court, none would venture to resist his will, save one Judge, who was immediately removed from his office. Mdlle. de Sampayo accomplished the twelfth year of her age on the 21st ult., and next morning, in spite of the indignation universally excited, she was made solemnly to declare, at the palace of the Duke de Palmella, her wish to mary the Marquis de Fayal, neither her mother, guardian, nor any of her relatives on her father's side being present. The following correspondence which took place on that day, between the Duke, his infant prisoner, and her distracted mother, is worthy of a perusal. It exhibits in a striking light the utter contempt in which everything sacred is held in Portugal under the existing Government. Could *all* that they impute to their powerful opponents appear in our columns, none would wonder at one of the documents put forth by the Sampayo family, concluding by their calling upon all mothers and guardians to shelter their daughters and wards from a "chaos of such fearful iniquity."

LETTER OF THE DUKE DE PALMELLA TO THE COUNTESS DA POVOA.

Lisbon, 22d April, 1839.

Most illustrious and excellent Lady.—I enclose to your Excellency a letter of your daughter, and I deem it proper to assure you, on this occasion, in the name of my wife, that notwithstanding your Excellency's incredible conduct towards us, you will ever find the doors of our house opened to you so long as the Marquis and Marchioness de Fayal shall dwell in it. Your Excellency has had too many proofs that the Duchess to whom yourself confided your daughter at a tender age, has eagerly laboured to inspire her with those feelings towards her mother which are the first-foundation of a religious and moral education. Be assured that she will persevere in the same course, because she knows what the welfare of her daughter-in-law requires, whatever reasons may exist for our resenting all the inconsistent things that you have been made to say and sign within the last two months.

This morning will take place the declaration which the Marchioness de Fayal wishes to make in presence of the competent ecclesiastical authorities, which I have the honour to announce to your Excellency in case you may wish to be present on the occasion.—I have the honor to be, &c.

DUKE OF PALMELLA.

LETTER OF DONNA MARIA LOUISA DE NORONHAE SAMPAYO TO THE COUNTESS DA POVOA, HER MOTHER.

Lisbon, April 22.

Hon. and Excellent Lady, dear and most respected mother of my heart—I have this day completed the age of twelve years. I know that I may now reiterate of my own free will what I said by the order and will of your Excellency, when I espoused the Marquis de Fayal, and I wish this very day publicly to declare that it is my will to be united to my husband.

I am certain that your Excellency approves of and wishes the same, since it was your Excellency who put me into this house, where I have been treated as a daughter, and which I certainly hope never to leave. I therefore implore your Excellency to give me on this occasion your blessing.—I am, &c.

MARIA LOUISA.

THE COUNTESS DA POVOA'S REPLY TO THE DUKE DE PALMELLA, DATED THE SAME DAY.

Honourable and Excellent Sir—I have just now (half-past twelve) received a letter from your Excellency, inclosing another from my unfortunate daughter, both informing me that this day was to take place the declaration of her wish to marry the Marquis de Fayal. I shall be silent respecting the treachery with which your Excellency invites me at noon to be present at an act which has been celebrated at ten o'clock, in order to answer at once the principal points of the said letter, which I cannot avoid replying to. Though I torture my memory I cannot discover what are the feelings of morality and religion towards me which your Excellency says the Duchess has inculcated to my daughter, when both of you have not even permitted her to come to my house, or see me! Neither do I know what causes of resentment I have given your Excellency when it is I who have every cause to complain, since, in spite of the want of my consent, so essential to such an act, you have found beings abject enough to accomplish your purposes.

With regard to my daughter's declaration, I repeat what I expressed to you yesterday; let not your Excellency deem that such a declaration can render lawful acts that are null and void, and against which I again protest, as well as against the monstrous union which may be brought about between my daughter and the Marquis de Fayal. My feelings are such that I should have much more to add if my health permitted.—I am, &c. COUNTESS DE POVOA.

THE COUNTESS DA POVOA'S REPLY TO HER DAUGHTER, DATED THE SAME DAY.

Very Dear and Unfortunate Child of my Heart—It is with the greatest surprise that, after nearly two months have elapsed without my having any letter from thee, or tidings of thy health, or place of abode (no doubt because thou hast been prevented from communicating with me), I have just received a letter from thee, wherein thou telleth me that, having accomplished thy twelfth year, thou art about to declare that thou wisheth to be united to the man to whom they say thou art married. Unfortunate child! who so early begin to be the sport of the passions and intrigues of this world. Thou dost not yet know it, and yet have already suffered much; and when all envy thy fortune, thou to whom it belongs art the only one that doth not enjoy it! Know then, my beloved daughter, that I have not given and do not give my consent to thy marriage—a consent, without which, if men were what they ought to be and not what they are (which thou knoweth not yet), thou wouldst not now think thyself married; and if anybody have told thee that I ever gave such consent, know, that just as thou art now under constraint so I myself once was subjected to still greater coercion. But know also, that as soon as I could venture to do it safely, I retracted the consent extorted from me, which I had a right to do, because my marriage was but conditionally agreed to. Farewell, my beloved daughter,

"COUNTESS DA POVOA."

HANDY ANDY. No. VII.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

When Dick Dawson and Murtough Murphy rowed back up the river with Johnstone, they left Andy in the hands of Squire O’Grady, still threatening vengeance. Andy, as long as the boats remained in sight, heard nothing but his own sweet voice shouting at the top of its pitch, “They ’re going to murdher me!—Misther Dick, Misther Dick, come back for the love o’ God!”

“What are you roaring like a bull for?” said the Squire.

“Why wouldn’t I roar, sir? A bull would roar if he had as much rayson.”

“A bull has more reason than ever you had, you calf,” said the Squire.

“Sure there he is, and can explain it all to you,” said Andy, pointing after the boats.

“Who is there?” asked the Squire.

“Misther Dick, and the jintleman himself that I dhruv there——”

“Drove where?”

“To the Squire’s.”

“What Squire’s?”

“Squire Egan’s, to be sure.”

“Hold your tongue, you rascal; you’re either drunk still or telling lies. The gentleman I mean wouldn’t go to Mister Egan’s; he was coming to me.”

“That’s the jintleman I dhruv—that’s all I know. He was in the shay, and was nigh shootin’ me; and Micky Doolin stopped on the road, when his brother was nigh killed, and towld me to get up, for he wouldn’t go no farther, when the jintleman objected—”

“What did the gentleman object to?”

“He objected to Pether goin’ into the shay.”

“Who is Peter?”

“Pether Doolin, to be sure.”

“And what brought Peter Doolin there?”

“He fell off the horse’s—”

“Wasn’t it Mick Doolin you said was driving but a moment ago?”

“Ay, sir; but that was th’other shay.”

“What other chaise, you vagabond?”

“Th’other shay, your honour, that I never seen at all, good or bad—only Pether.”

“What infernal confusion you are making of the story, to be sure!—there’s no use in talking to you here, I see. Bring him after me,” said the Squire to some of his people standing by. “I must keep him in custody till something more satisfactory is made out about the matter.”

“Sure it’s not makin’ a presner of me you’d be?” said Andy,

“You shall be kept in confinement, you scoundrel, till something is heard of this strange gentleman. I ’m afraid he’s drowned.”

“D—l a dhrown’d. I dhruv him to Squire Egan’s, I’ll take my book oath.”

“That ’s downright nonsense, sir. He would as soon go into Squire Egan’s house as go to Fiddler’s Green.”

“Faith, then, there’s worse places than Fiddler’s Green,” said Andy, “as some people may find out one o’ these days.”

“I think, boys,” said O’Grady to the surrounding countrymen, “we must drag the river.”

“Dhrag the river, if you plase,” said Andy; “but, for the tendher mercy o’ heaven, don’t dhrag me to jail! By all the crosses in a yard o’ check, I dhruv the jintleman to Squire Egan’s!—and there he was in that boat I showed you five minutes agone.”

“Bring him after me,” said O’Grady. “The fellow is drunk still, or forgets all about it,—I must examine him again. Take him over to the hall, and lock him up in the justice-room till I go home.”

“Arrah, sure, your honour—” said Andy, commencing an appeal.

“If you say another word, you scoundrel,” said the Squire, shaking his whip at him, “I ’ll commit you to jail this minute. Keep a sharp eye after him, Molloy,” were the last words of the Squire to a stout-built peasant, who took Andy in charge as the Squire mounted his horse and rode away.

Andy was marched off to Neck-or-nothing Hall; and, in compliance with the Squire’s orders, locked up in the justice-room. This was an apartment where the Squire in his magisterial capacity dispensed what he called justice, and what he possibly meant to be such; but poor Justice, coming out of Squire O’Grady’s hands, was something like the little woman in the song, who having her petticoats cut short while she was asleep, exclaimed on her waking,

> “As sure as I’m a little woman, this is none of I.”

Only that Justice in the present instance doubted her identity, not from her nakedness, but from the peculiar dressing Squire O’Grady bestowed upon her She was so muffled up in O’Gradyism, that her own mother, who by the same token was Themis, wouldn’t know her. Indeed, if I remember, Justice is worse off than mortals respecting her parentage; for while there are many people who do not know who were their fathers, poets are uncertain who was Justice’s mother:—some say Aurora, some say Themis. Now, if I might indulge at this moment in a bit of reverie, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that it is the classic disposition of Ireland, which is known to be a very ancient country, that tends to make the operations of Justice assimilate with the uncertainty of her birth; for her dispensations there, are as distinct as if they were the offspring of two different influences. One man’s justice is not another man’s justice;—which I suppose must arise from the difference of opinion as to who or what Justice is. Perhaps the rich people, who incline to power, may venerate Justice more as the child of Jupiter and Themis; while the unruly worship her as the daughter of Titan and Aurora; for undoubtedly the offspring of *Aurora* must be most welcome to “*Peep-o’-day boys.*”

Well,—not to indulge further in reverie,—Andy, I say, was locked up in the justice-room; and, as I have been making all these observations about Justice, a few words will not be thrown away about the room which she was supposed to inhabit. Then I must say Squire O’Grady did not use her well. The room was a cold comfortless apartment, with a plastered wall and an earthen floor, save at one end, where a raised platform of boards sustained a desk and one high office-chair. No other seat was in the room, nor was there any lateral window, the room being lighted from the top, so that Justice could be no way interested with the country outside—she could only contemplate her native heaven through the sky-light. Behind the desk was placed a rude shelf, where some “modern instances,” and old ones too, were lying covered with dust—and a gunrack, where some carbines with fixed bayonets were paraded in show of authority; so that, to an imaginative mind, the aspect of the books and the fire-arms gave the notion of Jᴜsᴛɪᴄᴇ on the shelf, and Lᴀᴡ on the rack.

But Andy thought not of those things; he had not the imagination which sometimes gives a prisoner a passing pleasure in catching a whimsical conceit from his situation, and in the midst of his suffering anticipating the satisfaction he shall have in saying a good thing, even at the expense of his own suffering. Andy only knew that he was locked up in the justice-room for something he never did. He had only sense enough to feel that he was wronged, without the spirit to wish himself righted; and he sauntered up and down the cold miserable room, anxiously awaiting the arrival of “his honour, Squire O’Grady,” to know what would be done with him, and wondering if they could hang him for upsetting a post-chaise in which a gentleman *had been* riding, rather than brooding future means of redress for his false imprisonment.

There was no window to look out of—he had not the comfort of seeing a passing fellow-creature; for the sight of one’s kind *is* a comfort. He could not even see the green earth and the freshness of nature, which, though all unconsciously, has still a soothing influence on the most uncultivated mind; he had nothing but the walls to look at, which were blank, save here and there that they were relieved by some grotesque faces, and figures, and rhymes, scratched with rusty nails by rustier policemen, while lounging in the justice-room during the legal decisions of the great O’Grady. These were gone over again and again by Andy till they were worn out,—all but one,—a rough representation of a man hanging, and this possessed a sort of fascination for poor Andy; for at last, relinquishing all others, he stood rivetted before this, and muttered to himself,—

“I wondher can they hang me. Squire Egan towld me long ago I’d be hanged some day or other.—I wondher does my mother know I’m tuk away—and Oonah too:—the crathur would be sorry for me. Maybe if the mother spoke to Squire Egan, his honour would say a good word for me. Though that wouldn’t do; for him and Squire O’Grady’s bitther inimies now, though they wor once good frinds.—Och hone!—sure that’s the way o’ the world—and a cruel hard world it is—so it is.—Sure ’twould be well to be out of it a’most, and in a betther world.—I hope there’s no po’-chaises in heaven!”

The soliloquy of poor Andy was interrupted by a low measured sound of thumping, which his accustomed ear at once distinguished to be the result of churning, the room in which he was confined being one of a range of offices that stretched backward from the principal building, and happened to be next door to the dairy. Andy had grown tired by this time of his repeated contemplation of the rhymes and the sketches, his own thoughts thereon, and his long confinement; and now the monotonous sound of the churn-dash falling on his ear, acted as a sort of *husho*,* and the worried and wearied Andy at last lay down on the platform, and fell asleep to the bumping lullaby.

In the mean time how did affairs go on at Merryvale? Murphy, Dick, and Johnstone, having returned from their fishing excursion to dinner, let us suppose them seated round the hospitable board of Squire Egan in high glee, at still successfully hoodwinking Johnstone, and carrying on their mystification with infinite frolic.

The soup had been removed, and they were in the act of enjoying the salmon, which had already given so much enjoyment, when a loud knocking at the door announced the arrival of some fresh guest.

“Did you ask any one to dinner, my dear?” inquired Mrs. Egan of her good-humoured lord, who was the very man to invite any friend he met in the course of the day, and forget it after.

“No, my dear,” answered the Squire. “Did you, Dick?” said he.

Dick replied in the negative, and said he had better go and see who it was; for looks of alarm had been exchanged between him, the Squire, and Murphy, lest any stranger should enter the room without being apprized of the hoax going forward; and Dawson had just reached the door on his cautionary mission, when it was suddenly thrown wide open, and in walked, with a rapid step and bustling air, an active little gentleman dressed in black, who was at Mrs. Egan’s side in a moment, exclaiming with a very audible voice and much *empressement* of manner,

“My dear Mrs. Egan, how do you do? I’m delighted to see you. Took a friend’s privilege, you see, and have come unbidden to claim the hospitality of your table. The fact is, I was making a sick visit to this side of my parish; and, finding it impossible to get home in time to my own dinner, I had no scruple in laying yours under contribution.”

Now this was the Protestant clergyman of the parish, whose political views were in opposition to those of Mr Egan; but the good hearts of both men prevented political feeling from interfering, as in Ireland it too often does, with the social intercourse of life. Still, however, even if Dick Dawson had got out of the room in time, this was not the man to assist them in covering their hoax on Johnstone, and the scene became excessively ludicrous the moment the reverend gentleman made his appearance. Dick, the Squire, and Murphy, opened their eyes at each other, while Mrs. Egan grew as red as scarlet when Johnstone stared at her in astonishment, as the new-comer mentioned her name,—she stammered out welcome as well as she could, and called for a chair for Mr. Bermingham, with all sorts of kind enquiries for Mrs. Bermingham and the little Berminghams,—for the Bermingham manufactory in that line was extensive.

While the reverend doctor was taking his seat, spreading his napkin, and addressing a word to each round the table, Johnstone turned to Fanny Dawson, beside whom he was sitting, (and who, by-the-bye, could not resist a fit of laughter on the occasion), and said, with a bewildered look,

“Did he not addwess *Madame* as Mistwess Egan?”

“Yeth,” said Fanny, with admirable readiness; “but whithper,” And as Johnstone inclined his head towards her, she whispered in his ear—“You muthn’t mind him—he’s mad, poor man!—that is, a *little* inthane—and thinks every lady is Mrs. Egan.—An unhappy patshion, poor fellow!—but *quite harmleth.*”

Johnstone uttered a very prolonged “Oh!” at Fanny’s answer to his inquiry, and looked sharply round the table; for there was an indefinable something in the conduct of every one at the moment of Mr. Bermingham’s entrance that attracted his attention, and the name “Egan,” and everybody’s *fidgityness*, (which is the only word I can apply,) roused his suspicion. Fanny’s answer only half satisfied him; and looking at Mrs. Egan, who could not conquer her confusion, he remarked—

“How *vewy* wed Mistwess O’Gwady gwew.”

“Oh, tshe can’t help blutching, poor thoul! when he thays ‘Egan’ to her, and thinks her his *furth* love.”

“How *vewy* widiculous, to be sure,” said Johnstone.

“Haven’t you innothent mad people thumtimes in England?” said Fanny.

“Oh, vewy,’ said Johnstone; “but this appea’s to me so wema’kably stwange an abbewation—”

“Oh,” returned Fanny, with quickness, “I thuppose people go mad on their ruling patshion, and the ruling patshion of the Irish, you know, is love.”

The conversation all this time was going on in ther quarters, and Johnstone heard Mr. Bermingham talking of his having preached last Sunday in his new church.

“Suwely,” said Johnstone to Fanny, “they would not pe’mit an insane cle’gyman to pweach?”

“Oh,” said Fanny, almost suffocating with laughter, “he only *thinkth* he’s a clergyman.”

“How vewy dwoll you are!” said Johnstone.

“Now you’re only quithing me,” said Fanny, looking with affected innocence in the face of the unfortunate young gentleman she had been quizzing most unmercifully the whole day.

“Oh, Miste’ O’Gwady,” said Johnstone, “we saw them going to dwown a man to-day.”

“Indeed!” said the Squire reddening, as he saw Mr. Bermingham stare at Johnstone when he called him O’Grady; so, to cover the blot, and stop Johnstone, he asked him to take wine.

“Do they often dwown people here?” continued Johnstone, after he had bowed.

“Not that I know of,” said the Squire.

“But are not the lowe’ o’ders wather given to what Lo’d Bacon calls—”

“Who cares about Lord Bacon?” said Murphy.

“My dear sir, you supwise me!” said Johnstone in utter amazement. “Lo’d Bacon’s sayings—”

“By my sowl,” said Murphy, “both himself and his sayings are very *rusty* by this time.”

“Oh, I see Miste’ Muffy.—You neve’ will be sewious.”

“God forbid!” said Murphy,—“at dinner, at least,—or after. Seriousness is only a morning amusement;—it makes a very poor figure in the evening.”

“By-the-bye,” said Mr. Bermingham, “talking of drowning, I heard a very odd story to-day from O’Grady. You and he, I believe,” said the clergyman, addressing Egan, “are not on as good terms as you were.”

At this speech Johnstone did *rather* open his eyes, the Squire hummed and hawed, Murphy coughed, Mrs. Egan looked into her plate, and Dick, making a desperate dash to the rescue, asked Johnstone which he preferred, a single or a double barrelled gun.

Mr. Bermingham, perceiving the sensation his question created, thought he had touched upon forbidden ground, and therefore did not repeat his question, and Fanny whispered Johnstone that one of the stranger’s mad peculiarities was mistaking one person for another; but all this did not satisfy Johnstone, whose misgivings as to the real name of his host were growing stronger every moment. At last Mr. Bermingham, without alluding to the broken friendship between Egan and O’Grady, returned to the “odd story” he had heard that morning about drowning.

“’Tis a very strange affair,” said he, “and our side of the country is all alive about it. A gentleman that was expected from Dublin last night at Neck-or-nothing Hall, arrived, as it is ascertained, at the village, and thence took a post-chaise, since which time he has not been heard of; and as a post-chaise was discovered this morning sunk in the river close by Ballyslough-gutthery bridge, it is suspected the gentleman has been drowned either by accident or design. The postilion is in confinement on suspicion, and O’Grady has written to the Castle about it to-day, for the gentleman was a government officer.

“Why, sir,” said Johnstone, “that must be me!”

“*You*, sir!” said Mr. Bermingham, whose turn it was to be surprised now.

“Yes, sir,” said Johnstone. “I took a post-chaise at the village last night,—and I’m an office’ of the gove’ment.”

“But you’re not drowned, sir,—and he was,” said Bermingham.

“To be su’e I’m not dwowned; but I’m the pe’son.”

“Quite impossible, sir,” said Mr. Bermingham. “You can’t be the person.”

“Why, sir, do you expect to pe’swade me out of my own identity?”

“Oh,” said Murphy, “there will be no occasion to prove identity till the body is found, and the coroner’s inquest sits;—that’s the law, sir,—at least in Ireland.”

Johnstone’s bewildered look at the unblushing impudence of Murphy was worth anything. While he was dumb from astonishment, Mr. Bermingham with marked politeness, said,

“Allow me, sir, for a moment to explain to you. You see, it could not be you, for the gentleman was going to Mr. O’Grady’s.”

“Well, sir,” said Johnstone, “and here I am.”

The wide stare of the two men as they looked at each other was killing; and while Johnstone’s face was turned towards Mr. Bermingham, Fanny caught the clergyman’s eye, and while she twitched her thumb over her left shoulder towards Johnstone, she tapped her forehead with the forefinger of her right hand shook her head, and turned up her eyes with an expression of pity, to indicate that he was mad.

“Oh, I beg pardon, sir,” said Mr. Bermingham. “I see it’s a mistake of mine.”

“There certainly is a vewy gweat mistake somewhere,” who was now bent on a very direct question. “Pway, Miste’ O’Gwady,” said he, addressing Egan, “that is if you *are* Miste’ O’Gwady,—will you tell me *are* you Miste’ O’Gwady?”

“Sir,” said the Squire, “you have chosen to call me O’Grady ever since you came here,—but my name is Egan.”

“What!—the member for the county?” said Johnstone, horrified.

“Yes,” said the Squire laughing. “Do you want a frank?”

“’Twill save your friends postage,” said Dick, “when you write to them to say you’re safe.”

“Miste’ Wegan,” said Johnstone, with an attempt at offended dignity, “I conside’ myself vewy ill used.”

“You’re the first man I ever heard of being ill used in Merryvale house,” said Murphy.

“Sir, it is a gwievous w’ong!”

“What *is* all this about?” asked Mr. Bermingham.

“My dear friend,” said the Squire laughing,—though, indeed, that was not peculiar to *him*, for every one round the table, save the victim, was doing the same thing, (as for Fanny, she *shouted*,)—“My dear friend, this gentleman came to my house last night, and *I* took him for a friend of Moriarty’s, whom I have been expecting for some days. *He* thought, it appears, this was Neck-or-nothing Hall, and thus a mutual mistake has arisen. All I can say is, that you are most welcome, Mr. Johnstone, to the hospitality of this house as long as you please.”

“But, sir, you should not have allowed me to wemain in you’ house,” said Johnstone.

“That’s a doctrine,” said the Squire, “in which you will find it difficult to make an Irish host coincide.”

“But you must have known, sir, that it was not my intention to come to your house.”

“How could I know that, sir?” said the Squire jocularly.

“Why, Miste’ Wegan—you know—that is—in fact—D—n it, sir,” said Johnstone at last, losing his temper, “you know I told you all about our electioneering tactics.”

A loud laugh was all the response Johnstone received to this outbreak.

“Well, sir,” repeated he, “I pwotest it is d—d unfair!”

“You know, my dear sir,” said Dick, “we Irish are such *poor ignorant creatures*, according to your own account, that we can make no use of the knowledge with which you have so generously supplied us.

“You know,” said the Squire, “we have no *real* finesse.”

“Sir,” said Johnstone, growing sulky, “there is a certain finesse that is *fair* and another that is *unfair*—and I pwotest against—”

“Pooh! pooh!” said Murphy. “Never mind trifles. Just wait till to-morrow, and I’ll show you even better salmon-fishing than you had to-day.”

“Sir, no considewation would make me wemain anothe’ whou’ in this house.”

Murphy, screwing his lips together, puffed out something between a whistle and the blowing out of a candle, and ventured to suggest to Johnstone he had better wait even a couple of hours, till he had got his allowance of claret. “Remember the adage, sir—‘*In vino veritas*,’ and we’ll tell you all *our* electioneering secrets after we’ve had enough wine.”

“As soon, Miste’ Wegan,” said Johnstone, quite chapfallen, “as you can tell me how I can get to the house to which I *intended* to go, I will be weady to bid you good evening.”

“If you are determined, Mr. Johnstone, to remain here no longer, I shall not press my hospitality upon you; whenever you decide on going, my carriage shall be at your service.”

“The soone’ the bette’, sir,” said Johnstone, retreating still further into a cold and sulky manner.

The Squire made no further attempt to conciliate him, he merely said, “Dick ring the bell. Pass the claret, Murphy.”

The bell was rung—the claret passed—a servant entered, and orders were given by the Squire that the carriage should be at the door as soon as possible. In the interim, Dick Dawson, the Squire, and Murphy, laughed as if nothing had happened, and Mrs. Egan conversed in an under-tone with Mr. Bermingham. Fanny looked mischievous, and Johnstone kept his hand on the foot of his glass, and shoved it about, something in the fashion of an uncertain chess-player, who does not know where to put the piece on which he has laid his finger.

The carriage was soon announced, and Mrs. Egan, as Johnstone seemed so anxious to go, rose from table; and as she retired he made her a cold and formal bow. He attempted a tender look, and soft word, to Fanny,—for Johnstone, who thought himself a *beau garcon*, had been playing off his attractions upon her all day, but the mischievously merry Fanny Dawson, when she caught the sheepish eye, and heard the mumbled gallantry of the Castle Adonis, could not resist a titter, which obliged her to hide her dimpling cheek and pearly teeth in her handkerchief as she passed to the door. The ladies being gone, the Squire asked Johnstone, would he not have some more wine before he went.

“No, thank you, Miste’ Wegan,” said Johnstone; “after being twicked in a manner that a——”

“Mister Johnstone,” said the Squire, “you have said quite enough about that. When you came into my house last night, sir, I had no intention of practising any joke upon you. You should have had the hospitality of an Irishman’s house, without the consequence that has followed, had you not indulged in sneering at the Irishman’s country. You vaunted your own superior intelligence and finesse over us, sir; and told us you came down to overthrow poor Pat in the trickery of electioneering movements. Under these circumstances, sir, I think what we have done is quite fair. We have shown you that you are no match for us in the finesse upon which you pride yourself so much; and the next time you talk of the Irish, and attempt to undervalue them, just remember how you have been outwitted at Merryvale House. Good evening, Mr. Johnstone. I hope we part without owing each other any ill-will.” The Squire offered his hand, but Johnstone drew up, and amidst such expletives as “weally” and “I must say,” he at last made use of the word “atwocious.”

“What’s that you say?” said Dick. “You don’t speak very plain, and I’d like to be sure of the last word you used.”

“I mean to say that a——” and Johnstone, not much liking the *tone* of Dick’s question, was humming and hawing a sort of explanation of what “he meant to say,” when Dick thus interrupted him,—

“I tell you this, Mr. Johnstone,—all that has been done is my doing—I’ve humbugged you, sir—*humbugged*. I’ve sold you—dead. I’ve pump’d you, sir—all your electioneering bag of tricks, *bribery*, and all, exposed; and, now go off to O’Grady, and tell him how the poor ignorant Irish have *done* you: and, see, Mr. Johnstone,” added Dick in a quiet under-tone, “if there’s anything that he or you don’t like about the business, you shall have any satisfaction you like, and as often as you please.”

“I shall *conside’* of that, sir,’ said Johnstone, as he left the house. He entered the carriage, and was driven to Neck-or-nothing Hall, where he arrived as they were going to tea. When O’Grady heard Johnstone’s account of his having been living in the enemy s camp, he was rather startled.

“Thunder and ’ounds, sir! I hope you let nothing out about business.”

“Why, I weally don’t know—I’m not sure—that is, I won’t be positive, because when one is thwown off his guard, you know—”

“Pooh, sir! a man should never be off his guard in an election. But, how the d—l, sir, could you make such a thundering mistake as to go to the wrong house?”

“It was a howwid postilion, Miste’ O’Gwady—”

“The scoundrel!” exclaimed O’Grady, stamping up and down the room.

At this moment a tremendous crash was heard; the ladies jumped from their seats; O’Grady paused in his rage, and his poor pale wife, exclaimed “’Tis in the conservatory.”

A universal rush was now made to the spot, and there was Handy Andy buried in the ruins of flower-pots and exotics, directly under an enormous breach in the glass-roof of the building. How this occurred, a few words will explain. Andy, when he went to sleep in the justice-room, slept soundly for some hours: but awoke in the horrors of a dream, in which he fancied he was about to be hanged. So impressed was he by the vision, that he determined on making his escape if he could, and to this end piled the chair upon the desk, and the volumes of law-books on the chair; and, being an active fellow, contrived to scramble up high enough to lay his hand on the frame of the sky-light, and thus made his way out on the roof. Then, walking as well as the darkness would permit him, along the coping of the wall, he approached, as it chanced, the conservatory, but the coping being loose, one of the flags turned under Andy’s foot, and bang he went through the glass roof, carrying down in his fall some score of flower-pots, and finally stuck in a tub, with his legs upward, and embowered in the branches of crushed geraniums and hydrangias.

He was dragged out of the tub, amidst a shower of curses from O’Grady; but the moment Andy recovered the few senses he had, and saw Johnstone, regardless of the anathemas of the Squire, he shouted out, “There he is!—there he is!” and, rushing towards the Englishman, exclaimed, “Now, did I dhrownd you, sir—did I? Sure, I never murdhered you!”

’Twas as much as could be done to keep O’Grady’s hands off Andy for smashing his conservatory, when Johnstone’s presence made him no longer liable to imprisonment.

“Maybe he has a vote!” said Johnstone.

“Have you a vote, you rascal?” said O’Grady.

“You may sarche me if you like, your honour,” said Andy, who thought a vote was some sort of property he was suspected of stealing.

“You are either the biggest rogue, or the biggest fool, I ever met,” said O’Grady. “Which are you now?”

“Which ever your honor plazes,” said Andy.

“If I forgive you, will you stand by me at the election?”

“I’ll stand anywhere your honor bids me,” said Andy humbly.

“That’s an infernal rogue, I’m inclined to think.” said O’Grady aside to Johnstone. Then, turning to Andy, he said, “Go down to the kitchen, you blackguard, and get your supper!”

Certain Benefit.—The Duchess of Marlborough once pressing the Duke to take medicine, with her usual warmth said, “I’ll be hanged if it does not prove serviceable.” Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, “Do take it then, my lord duke, for it must be of use one way or the other.”

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* The nurses’ song for setting a child to sleep, which they pronounce softly, “*huzzho.*”

CHILICOTHE (Ohio) SPRING RACES.

Dear Sir,—Here is the last official report which I shall make of the races on this course. I think it unnecessary to give the weights, as our rules have frequently been published, and the riders either were or ***should have*** been right.

MONDAY, April 15—Match $150, catch weights. One mile.

James Pryor's ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 4 yrs	1
Armstead Dogget's ch. h. *Tiptop*	2

Time, 1:50.

This, I believe, is the best time ever made on our track. The soil is sandy, and extremely liable to cup out. Franklin was in beautiful order, his loins variegated like a pigeon's neck. Tiptop looked sprightly and gay, but when peeled he did not, as a Cuffee said, "shine like any glissen."

At the first bounce, Tiptop struck his rival's quarter; on that hint Ben acted. Ziras good bye Uncle Fuller.

The Spring Races commenced on Tuesday, 21st May.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Purse $100, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

H. Waller's (John McNiel's) b. f. by Bertrand, dam by St. Tammany (full sister to Independence)	1	1
Capt. J. S. Burnam's (A. Allan's) gr. f. *Polly Peachem*, by White's Gohanna, dam by Democrat	2	dist.
James Pryor's ch. f. *Flora Hunter*,* by Sir Charles, dam by Duroc	3	dist.
A. Burch's ch. c. *Chifney*, by Light-House, dam by Randolph	dist.	

Time, 2:01—2:00. * Flora's pedigree is uncertain.

I guess the nameless filly will win and wear a name; the other *names* will never *make*. They started left foot foremost, at the tap of the drum, the grey in front, the Bertrand hard in hand on her quarter, throwing her hind legs as if frighting flies from her ears. Suffice it to say, she cut down the grey in four several bounds, and came home at ease in 2:01. In the second heat she distanced the field with a crook in her neck.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

H. Waller's ch. c. *Joe Gales*, by Marlboro', out of Young Duchess of Marlboro', 4 yrs.	1
Minor William's ch. m. *Polly Hopkins*, by Rappahanock, dam by Bertrand, 6 yrs	dist.

Time, 6:05.

The sails of the old Politician weie for once filled with a prosperous gale, and he came into port in handsome style in 6:05, leaving the luckless Polly in the breakers.

THURSDAY, May 23—Purse $100, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

H. Waller's gr. f. *Victoria*, by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippoo Saib, 4 yrs	1	1
W. Palmer's (Jno. J. Van Mater's) br. f. *Miss Star*, by Star, dam by Walnut, 4 yrs	2	2
Jas. Pryor's ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	3
Minor William's b. h. *Big Archy*, by Sidi Hamet, dam by Plenipo, 5 yrs	4	4

Time, (by the timers,) 3:59—3:59—(by an amateur,) 3:55—3:55.

Victoria was victorious; and here, if I wished to make a point, I might stop, but I care not for the "veni, vidi, vici" fame, when a horse's character is at stake. The winner was said not to be in trim; and Ben I know did not bear the gloss he wore a few weeks ago; the brown was a dark one, and the bay horse had been seen here before, under the name of Thunderbolt, by Thunderbolt, out of a Thunderbolt mare. Then and now he jumped up too high, and stayed up too long, to get along fast. The Dayton crack in the first heat led from start to stop, each one trying it on occasionally, but it was no fit. Franklin was too high, and lathered like a wash-tub; but for the bye-bets he would have been off. Here they come for a second pull. Ben takes the track—he moves in the old style—every bound he makes a gap. One mile—he's before—round the turn—down the back stretch—there he goes. Curse that blanket, it flies out and holds wind like a bladder. The mare makes a dash—she has him! she hasn't. But look at that brown; her *star's* in the ascendant; see how she wheels round that turn—she's up. Devil take that boy—he has drawn her back till they are one hundred yards in front. See—see how the grey passes Ben—and now she's home a winner. But heaven and earth! here comes the brown, beating the many named and many sired bay, slipping by Franklin, and reaching the stand second, but a pony's length behind.

'Tis my opinion if her Jock had received a good flogging before mounting, with the promise of a second for bad riding, another set of lungs would have cried "hurra for victory!"

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse $100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. Palmer's b. m. *Vanity*, by Traveller, dam unknown, 5 yrs	2	3	2	1	1	1
H. Waller's bl. c. *Capt. White Eye*, by Chifney, dam by Sumpter, 4 y.	4	1	1	3	3	2
Joseph Work's b. h. *Bohemoth*, by Bohemoth, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	2	3	2	2	dist.
Thos. D. Roper's br m. *Sally Burns*, by Robert Burns, dam unknown, 5 yrs	3	4	dist.			
James Pryor's b. f. *Unity*, by Pelham, dam by Imp. Arab, 4 yrs	5	5	dr.			
John G. Harley's b. m. *Lady York*, by Imp. Commodore, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	dist.					
Minor William's b. h. *Big Archy*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	dr.					

Time, 1:53—1:53—1:57—2:02—2:05—2:00.

Unity was lamed in the shoulder, by striking another horse; and Lady York threw her rider before starting, and was ridden by a man weighing some 160lbs.

Vanity had no little vexation in sinking the large purse of $100, which our liberal citizens had put up for this race. Six good heats, under a hot sun and over a sandy track, is trouble enough for the sum she got. 'Tis poor pay, but not poor preach, as the Indian expounder said, when we consider the long track and short time to blow—only 20 minutes.

I wish it to be observed by all Mr. Palmer's acquaintances in Kentucky and elsewhere, that he did enter Vanity and weight her this Spring as a 5 yr. old, and she was entered last Fall as a 4 year old, and carried weight as such, although she was reported by me to be a 3 yr. old. The mistake was an unintentional one of my own; 'tis the last I shall make as a Secretary, I hope. So adieu!

Respectfully to you and your readers, W. M. Anderson,
Chillicothe, May 25th, 1839. Secretary of the Jockey Club.

P.S. I am too fast; after the last race, a Stallion Stake, $200 entrance, was won in gallant style by Mr. James Ryan's entry Flora Hunter, by Sir Charles &c. &c. as before. The other entries not forthcoming. Time, 2:04½.

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

The races over the *Spring Hill Course* commenced on Tuesday, 14th May, and continued three days.

TUESDAY, May 14, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

S. Davenport's b. c. *Maffit*, by Frank, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs	4	1	1
Wm. Farris's b. h. *Splendor*, by Trampator, out of Julia, aged	1	2	2
Thos. M. Kennedy's (Jno. Proffit's) b. h. *Big Foot*, by Leviathan, out of Frolic by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	2	3	3
Thos. Lynch's b. h. *Sam Meredith*, by Woodpecker, dam by Mendoza, 4 yrs	3	dr	

Time, 4:13—4:09—4:15. Track very heavy from previous rain.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Purse $100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

James Dunn's b. f. *Mary Burnam*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1
R. Mosby's ch. c. *Guy of Warwick*, by Frank, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	2	2
Thos. Lynch's *Modesty*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs	3	3
S. Davenport's b. c. *Nick Biddle*, by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs	4	dist.
M. Thomson's b. c. *Bob Ward*, by Columbus, dam by Scott, 3 yrs	dist.	
Thos. M. Kennedy's gr. f. by Plenipo, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:52. Track improved.

Mary Burnam was sold after the first heat to Thos. M. Kennedy, for $800.

THURSDAY, May 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $50 each, with a set of cups, value $60, added. Two mile heats.

S. Davenport's b. f. *Laura*, by Medoc, dam by Moses	1	1
Thos. M. Kennedy's br. c. *John Faulkner*,* by Imp. Valentine, dam by Potomac	2	dist
Thos. Lynch's gr. f. by Bertrand, dam by Johnson's Medley	4	dist.
James Dunn's ch. c. *Dandy Breck*, by Collier, dam by Pacolet	3	dr

Time, 3:57—3:50. * Faulkner was lame.

LEONARDSTOWN (Md.) FALL RACES IN 1838.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. Stonestreet's ch. f. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	1	1
Geo. Forbes' b. m. *Touch-me-not*, by Sussex, dam by Vanguard, 5 yrs	2	2

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse $150, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Geo. Forbes' *Nydia*, by Velocity, dam by Imp. Chance, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Jno. H. Tucker's *Emigrant*, by Emigrant, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Col. Thompson's *Antipater*, by Tychicus, out of Club-foot, 3 yrs	2	dist.	

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo. Forbs' *Touch-me-not*, pedigree above	1	1	1
John H. Tucker's *Emigrant*, pedigree above	2	2	2
Jno. A. Clark's *Diana*, by Emigrant, dam by Multum in parvo, 5 yrs	3	dist.	

The racing was pretty close, and the time good, considering the state of the track. The time, I regret, has been neglected to be recorded.

Very respectfully, Wm. Ford, Sec'y.

EPISTLE FROM THE OLD DOMINION.

Extract of a letter dated Poplar Mount, Va., May 3, 1839.

Dear Sir—The red fox has been quite numerous for the last two hunting seasons, having almost entirely ousted the grey fox. We have fine sport in running the grey, which we but seldom fail to catch, while of the red we cannot catch more than one in six we start. We ran one the last season about fifty miles, with fresh dogs and huntsman, and then did not catch him, that we know of, as the dogs ran out of hearing in the night, after having chased him all day. We did not get our dogs for some time afterwards;—they use much cunning to bother the dogs, by swimming the water-courses, running in among flocks of sheep, hogs, &c.

If you will come and pay us a visit, we will give you a pair of the foxes; if in the fall, we will take you out in a chase after the red or grey fox, and then give you a foot chase after the common hare, which we never fail in starting, when we fail with the fox.—And take a look at our fine blooded horses, the young Priams—and take a peep at old Priam, who is but a few miles off, making a capital season; he is limited to a hundred, but I suppose will cover 150—if he can, as his health is not very good. Yours, &c., T.W.W.

THE FOX AND THE JACKAL.

To the Editor of the Sporting Department of the London Era.

Sir,—The fox, which affords so much interesting sport to the gentry of this country, is in India never run down by the pack, but is coursed by greyhounds, and makes, when closely pressed, as many doubles as a hare would in similar circumstances. The fox in that country (India) runs very small, and is more abundant than the same animal in England. The jackal constitutes the chace of the hounds, and a good run he will occasionally afford, if he breaks away over a champaign country.

Hounds seldom endure more than three seasons in India, the climate and the work make rapid inroads into the constitution of the kennel; they are, moreover, liable to cutaneous diseases, and their vision becomes, a short time after their importation, sensibly affected.

Hydrophobia too, prevails, to a great extent in India, not only in the established kennels, but among the wild dogs of the jungles and the jackals. I was once walking out, when at Midnapore, with a brace of favourite spaniels, and was assailed by a rabid jackal. I kept him at bay by means of my umbrella, but he contrived to bite both the dogs, which I afterwards hung. Hounds are very apt to fall into the clutches of beasts of prey, particularly into those of the hyæna and the leopard. These ferocious animals invariably relinquish the head and feet of the dogs, after they have concluded their repast, which serve to denote their fate.

Deer are coursed with greyhounds, and this sport is highly interesting. A good greyhound will fetch in India as much as fifty guineas.

A Constant Reader of The Era.

THE METAPHYSICIAN AND THE MAID.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD..

Lorenzo Silvertop had arrived at the thoughtful age of forty-eight, only the day before he became the lodger of Adam Buttons, breeches-maker, and liveryman, of the worshipful company of master tailors. Lorenzo was a bachelor; more, he was a mataphysician. He could take mind to pieces as easily as a watchmaker could take a chronometer to bits—knew every little spring of human action; and, in a word, looked through the heads of the sons and daughters of Eve, as easily as though they were of glass, and the motives therein working, labouring bees. To have gained this wisdom is, indeed, to have achieved the noblest triumph of human wit—to look down upon the world the unmoved spectator of its great, as of its little ways, is to sit upon the highest pinnacle attainable by man; only a little higher, stand the angels.

Adam Buttons, never having heard of metaphysics, was, unhappily, ignorant of the proper importance of his new lodger; not that Adam was wholly insensible of his worth—certainly not; for his value to Adam was that of fourteen shillings a week, in payment for the accommodation of two small rooms, domestic service included.

The house of Adam Buttons was, in truth, given up—that is, let out in many divisions. In the first floor was a flourishing young lawyer, sleek with a fine practice; his office being in Lothbury. Above him was the cashier in a banker's of Lombard-street; in the front attic, lived one of calling unknown—in the back garret, a person who had once been a gentleman. In a dark parlour, with a darker anteroom, filled with a bed, dwelt Lorenzo Silvertop, metaphysician. Where Adam Buttons, his wife, and daughter, consumed the four-and-twenty hours, was never ostentatiously made known; however, there ran a dark suspicion that they inhabited the kitchens. From this, it will be gathered that Buttons was one of those unconscious worldly philosophers, who are content to make the most of their possessions—taking no heed of extrinsic appearance, so that their pockets hold an inward good. Mrs. Buttons was flesh of Adam's flesh, and bone of Adam's bone; but for Bridget Buttons,—as she was in Bow church books registered the daughter of Adam and Wilhelmina Buttons, we must believe in her parentage, otherwise—to avoid all circumlocution, to come at once to a plain statement of the case,—Bridget Buttons was an angel! We repeat it; an angel!—and there were five lodgers in the house, and all of them, on their own showing, in the comfortless state of celibacy.—An angel in the furnace.

At the time Lorenzo Silvertop took Buttons's parlours for his abiding-place, he was immersed, chin deep, in a new quarto volume on "Free Will." For the past three years he had sunk, and sunk, in that *mare profundum*, when at length he began to think that he touched ground.

He alone, who has for months, nay years, lived upon great imaginings—whose subject hath been a part of his blood—a throb of his pulse—hath scarcely faded from his brain as he hath fallen to sleep—hath waked with him—hath, in his squalid study, glorified even poverty—hath walked with him abroad, and by its ennobling presence, raised him above the prejudice, the little spite, the studied negligence, the sturdy wrong, that, in his out-door life sneer upon and elbow him—he alone, say we, can understand the calm, deep, yea severe joy, felt by Lorenzo, as he stood tiptoe on page 250, and heard afar the silver trump of fame—and, with his fingers felt amid his thin, his gray-flecked hair, the budding bays.

In another month, and Lorenzo would change his old familiar for a more profitable demon. He would no longer creep along the streets, accompanied by Desert, a pretty fellow, yet withal, a timid, blushing, stammering knave, content to slink with him he waits upon, down dismal alleys, over barren heaths, at length, it may be, conducting his master to a dry ditch for his bed, and to wild cresses and water for his breakfast—a trick the varlet hath often put upon brave spirits,—but, in his place, that swaggering, brow-beating, gold-laced lackey, Success, would clear the way for Silvertop, would strike off the hats of the mob, content to be so unbonneted, seeing that Success—oh! the magic of his name upon the world, hath willed it—nor ever ask whence comes he, what's his value? No matter for his birthplace, his parentage; Success has all-in-all in his name. Though he were born on the way-side, his mother a gipsy, and his father a clipper of coin,—for his name, and name alone, men shall bow down and worship him. Desert weeps at the early grave of the broken-hearted, Success eats ortolans with a quacksalver at threescore. Men may certainly be brought to allow the possible existence of unrewarded Desert, but for Success, there can be no doubt of his vitality; he is seen, known, touched; nay, sometimes men dine with him.

Silvertop was far gone in "Free Will," and on rising, had girded himself up for new endeavour, when Bridget Buttons entered with his breakfast. She smiled, courtesied, bade the new lodger good morning, and having filled the teapot, left the metaphysician to explain to himself the cause of a sudden agitation of the divine faculty, at the time perplexing Lorenzo Silvertop. Strange, that he who could so ably unriddle the moral enigmas of other men, could by no means discover the clue of his own perplexity. He pondered, and pondering, raised the teapot—poured and poured—and at length leaped, with something like an oath, from his chair, the scalding fluid having overflowed the cup, and run in a burning torrent down the table-cloth, upon the metaphysician's breeches.

"Did you call, sir?" asked Bridget, at the time passing the door, and hearing Silvertop, who with extraordinary presence of mind dropped his Bandana handkerchief before his soaking garment, at the same time, despite of blistering flesh, smiling very blandly: word he spoke not.

"Dear me!" said Bridget, observing the mischief; and then with a cheerful voice, and treading the carpet like a fawn, she added, "but I'll change it sir, directly."

Scarcely five minutes elapsed, and another snowy cloth decorated the table—the teapot was replenished, and saving the little personal discomfort felt by Silvertop, he had as goodly promise of breakfast as before. Again, however, the metaphysician fell into a study—again he felt strangely bewildered, and was again sturdily seeking the cause of his annoyance: thus, for ten minutes with his two hands clasping his right knee, and raising the leg two feet from the ground, he leant back in his chair, and tried to analyze his own emotions: whether he had arrived at any satisfactory conclusion we know not: but to this fact we can vouch: he had unconsciously wheeled himself from the table, his right leg dangling over a plate of toast at the fender; suddenly the limb descended, and on the instant the plate was split in twain, and the buttered toast lay scattered beneath the ashes.

"Did you call, sir?" again asked Bridget, instantly looking in; but ere Silvertop could make reply, Bridget saw the ruin and observed, "Oh, that wicked cat!"

"Cat!" exclaimed Silvertop.

"He's always in mischief—but I'll make some more, sir, in a minute," said Bridget, and with a beaming face she tripped from the room.

"Cat!" said the metaphysician to himself. "Ha! that proves she has great delicacy of mind—considerable delicacy." Again he lapsed into thoughtfulness, then, after a few minutes rose, and striding up and down, exclaimed in the highest notes of self-satisfaction, "There was no cat!"

A fresh supply of toast was brought by Bridget; she approached the fireplace, placed the toast upon the fender, stirred the fire. This done, she was about to turn away, when she found her hand grasped by the new lodger.

"Bridget," said the metaphysician.

"Sir," said Bridget.

"There was no cat," cried Silvertop, at once satisfying his love of truth—and to him truth was an idol—and showing to Bridget Buttons his full appreciation of her motives. "There was no cat," said the metaphysician; and what think ye, reader, answered Bridget?

Bridget brushed down the corner of her apron, took it up, and replied, "La! sir."

"She has great delicacy," again thought Silvertop, as the maiden quitted the apartment; "great delicacy, and, yes, considerable intelligence." Now, thinks the reader, the metaphysician is in a fair way for breakfast; at length, he will pause in his study of human motives, make his meal, and then return to his tome on "Free Will." Let the reader learn that Lorenzo Silvertop added no leaf of laurel to his crown that day, and for the breakfast he made, will the reader listen to the dialogue of Dame Buttons and her daughter, standing at the hearth of the lodger, five minutes after he had quitted the house.

"He seems a strange customer," said Mrs. Buttons, looking suspiciously about the room.

"A very odd gentleman," remarked Bridget. "La! look here."

"Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Buttons; "and I'm blessed!—look there too." Be it known, that Bridget pointed to the sugar-basin, into which the philosopher had emptied the contents of the teapot, and that in the dry saucepan on the fire, were two eggs baking, the water having boiled away.

"He has made no breakfast," said Bridget.

"And spoilt the saucepan," said the thrifty Mrs. Buttons.

"Do you know, mother, I think he's a scholar," was the speculation of the daughter.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the parent; who almost immediately continued, "Do you know what's in his trunks?"

"La! mother," was the reply of the simple, the intelligent Bridget.

"We've been pretty lucky in lodgers till now;—so, I say, God preserve us from all scholars," exclaimed Mrs. Buttons, who dived into the kitchen, to inquire of her husband what references he had taken with the man in the parlour.

Little thought Silvertop of the evidences of his self-abstraction left behind him; he thought only of the beautiful, the ingenuous, the intelligent daughter of the breeches-maker.

"It is clear that a great revolution had taken place in the cold, the ceremonious habits of our metaphysician; for the next morning, at breakfast, he called Bridget Buttons, simply—Biddy.

Having so called her, he leant two hours in his chair, and pondered another chapter upon "Human Motives."

"Mr. Bunch, sir," said Bridget, as she entered the apartment of the philosopher on the third morning.

"Bunch, Biddy?" asked Lorenzo; "who is Bunch?"

"The gentleman, sir, who—who makes clothes, sir," answered Bridget,

"Gentleman!" cried Silvertop, "you mean the—stay, why should not a tailor be a gentleman? For, in my essay on 'Human Motives—"'

"He's a very punctual tradesman, sir," continued Bridget.

"So your father tells me. Show him in—wait, not yet. Biddy," said the philosopher in the mildest tone.

"Yes, sir," said Bridget, correcting an evil disposition to laugh.

"Biddy, look at me, Biddy," cried Silvertop.

"La! sir," answered the girl, and her beautiful face was suffused with a blush, and her large blue eyes swam in frolicsome good-nature, as with a sudden twist of her elbows, she coquettishly complied with the request of the philosopher.

Lorenzo Silvertop sat almost breathless, with his eyes fixed upon the glowing face of the handmaid, who simperingly, and, as if enjoying the eccentricity of the new lodger, patiently underwent the scrutiny. Lorenzo said no word to her; but as he gazed, thus communed in whispers with himself: "She's a Titian—pink and white—flesh like cream—Titian—damme!—Titian."

"There's Mr. Bunch, sir," at length observed Bridget.

"Quite an old master," exclaimed the rapt Lorenzo.

"No, sir," replied Bridget, with one of her sweetest smiles, "only three years set up."

"The simplicity of a dove," thought Silvertop. "Biddy—bless you, Biddy."

"La! sir."

"Show him in." Bridget left the room, somewhat astonished at the warm benediction of the philosopher, who, himself, a little surprised by his enthusiasm, rose and took two or three turns in his room to collect himself for the interview with Bunch, the tailor, of whose visit it may here be necessary to say a few words.

Silvertop had ever manifested a most philosophical contempt of the tailor and his works: his outward man made no part of his studies laudably directed to the higher and more ennobling developments of his mind. What should a man, with his thoughts fixed on "Free Will," care for a hole in his waistcoat?—what, to true philosophy, was a coat of antique cut, by time and accident defrauded of half its buttons? Such was the lofty creed of Silvertop when he entered upon his new lodgings; yet had he not been there two complete days, ere he asked his landlord to recommend to him a tailor. We leave it to the metaphysical reader to seek out the cause of Silvertop's conversion to the decencies of dress; all we propose to ourselves is, to narrate, not analyze. Hence, be it known, that Adam Buttons spoke in the very highest terms of the abilities and probity of Joel Bunch; eulogized the beautiful fidelity of his cut, praised, in measureless terms, the lustre and durability of his cloth, and closed with an eloquent tribute to the conscience of the tailor, as manifested in every item of his account. Buttons had known Bunch from his boyhood, and could, and would be answerable for him.

"Mr. Bunch, sir," cried Bridget, opening the door, and showing in the tailor. "Mr. Bunch, sir, to measure you." Saying this, Bridget, like a young kitten, frisked from the room.

Joel Bunch—it would be unjust to him to omit his portrait, was exactly four feet six inches high. His back was not a back, but a wide slanting shelf; his nether man was sufficiently bulky for the upper works of a giant; whilst, for the lovers of curves, his right leg bent like Cupid's bow; his arms were very long, his hands large and bony; and his head, thatched with stiff, short, black hair, of monstrous amplitude. It seemed as if nature, in a freak, had flattened a fine tall fellow down into the compass of Bunch, but that he had bulged considerably in the process. Certain it is, Joel might have been pulled up into a tall fellow of his hands; his head seemed not made to glance nearer to earth than from an altitude of six-feet two, yet it was abated to four-feet six. In a luckless, hot-blooded sally of his youth, Joel had lost the light of his left eye, quenched by a watchman's iron-shod stave, in a nocturnal row in Threadneedle-street. He yet carried a white scar across his nose from some undivulged mishap; and, if we glance at the loss of three front teeth, which loss gave a sibilant sound to all his words, we have enumerated the few personal defects of Joel Bunch. Dwelling on the last flaw, we may, in illustration of the high spirit of Joel, state that he had then an apprentice doomed to Bridewell Clink, for having audaciously said of his master, that "he talked like his own goose."

"Is your name Bunch?" asked the metaphysician, somewhat astonished at the tailor.

"I have that honor," answered Bunch, with an habitual grin, which looping up either side of his upper lip, displayed to the full his dental hiatus.

"Do you make for many people?" inquired Silvertop, suddenly fastidious—doubtful of his tailor.

"The first of people," replied Bunch, looking very loftily for his height.

"This—my own—is my cut," added the tailor, twirling himself round.

"You made that coat?" asked Silvertop, a smile breaking at his mouth and eyes.

"I made this coat," replied Bunch.

"Did you? Then you could fit a corkscrew," cried Lorenzo, laughing so heartily, that the humor carried away the doubts of Joel; and he took for a very delicate compliment what, at first blush, he thought was a thing to be majestically resented. "Ha! ha!" cried the metaphysician.

"Ha! ha!" squeaked the tailor.

"I think, my man, you may measure me," said Lorenzo; and without waiting for another word, Bunch pulled forth his parchment slips, and placing a chair close to Silvertop, jumped on it. Already he had placed his hand on Silvertop's collar, when Lorenzo swung round, and the face of Bunch being, by means of the chair, on a level with his own, he looked full at him as he proceeded with his questions. "Do you make for any one in this house?"

"For all but the garrets," answered Joel.

"And not the garrets?" asked Silvertop; "and why not?" he needlessly inquired.

"Quite beyond me—too much in the skies—talk of first—first prin——"

"First principles?" suggested the metaphysician.

"That's it; first principles—of matter and all that. But, sir, can't I measure you while we chat? Thank you, sir. Clever man in the back-garret, sir. A little up in the neck, sir?" asked Bunch, proceeding to his task.

“As they wear ’em,” answered Lorenzo, shortly.

“A little up there.—Yes, clever fellow, but devilish idle: lies in bed half the day, sir, and t’other half talks of *viz—viz* something, sir.”

“*Vis inertiæ?*” asked Silvertop.

“That’s it, and nothing less.—Rather low in the back, sir?” inquired the measuring tailor.

“As they wear ’em,” repeated Silvertop, with new veneration for the mode.

“That’s it, sir.—Very clever young man, sir: wears his hair, sir, half down his coat—got very odd notions, sir; says he has not the slightest doubt, sir, that everything is nothing, sir. How about the cuffs, sir?—so deep, sir?”

“I should say—but, quite as they wear ’em,” determined the metaphysician.

“Just as deep, then. Buttons declares he’s mad; but for my part, I think he’s only lazy. He says, that if he likes to give his mind to it, he can make diamonds as big as cricket-balls.”

“And what do you think?” asked Lorenzo.

“Why, sir, if he could, sir, I shouldn’t mind measuring him, sir; one day he nearly got into my books—it was a wonderful escape. Lapel, broad, of course? A wonderful escape for me.”

“How?”

“Why, sir, he came to my house, and talked about the—the penetration of matter, and asked me if I knew what was a first principle? And I said, yes.”

“And do you mean to say,” asked Silvertop, “that you understand first principles?”

“He’s a poor tradesman as doesn’t, sir,—ready money, sir. That will do for the coat, sir. Well, then, he talked and talked, and said there was no such thing as color, sir; it was all a matter of eyesight; and more than that, there was no nothing in the world; that there was no wood, no bricks, no stones, no trees—nothing at all real, but only as we thought it. Well, sir, what do you think all this ended in?”

“I can’t say,” replied Silvertop; “but I am curious to learn.”

“Why, it ended in asking me to make him a beautiful olive-green coat, a scarlet waistcoat, and a pair of claret-color trousers. I’d nearly done it, sir, on account of his talk. Yes, sir, I had out my measure and was going to take him, when I looked in his face, and seeing his mustaches, my heart failed me.”

“What! at his mustaches?”

“Don’t know how it is—but books speak for themselves, sir. If you was to see my ledger, among the bad debts, for every single flourish there’s five double ones; that’s how I mark ’em,” said the enigmatical tailor.

“What do you mean by double flourish?” inquired the metaphysician.

“Why, the bad debts with mustaches, I used to make with two flourishes: I tried it for a year, sir, and you should see the majority. The fact is, sir, experience tells me never to take mustaches without a security.”

“And did you tell the gentleman as much?” asked Lorenzo.

“No, sir; I didn’t like to hurt his feelings; not, sir, that philosophers, as I think, ever have any. So I took him on his own ground, and I said, ‘Mr. Chisler, since you’ve convinced me that there is no color, and no nothing—that it’s all a vulgar prejudice what we see and touch, why can’t you do as well in your rusty black coat, and your pepper-and-salt trousers, with a hole in ’em, as if you’d a beautiful olive-green, and a pair of bran new claret-colors?’ So you see, sir, I got rid of him on first principles.”

“And the other lodgers, Mr. Bunch?”

“Most respectable gentlemen: Mr. Swanquill’s father—that’s the attorney, sir—grows his own pine-apples at Brixton, man of undeniable name, sir. Then for Mr. Balance, the gentleman at the Bank, his uncle hasn’t chick nor child and doesn’t know his wealth, sir.”

“Tell me, Bunch,” and Silvertop hesitated, then proceeded; “what do you think of Miss Buttons?”

The tailor turning his one eye up in the grave face of the metaphysician grinned and made answer, “A nice lump of a girl, sir.”

Lorenzo Silvertop, dressing Bridget Buttons in the radiant colors of his own imagination, had pictured her a glorious creature, a thing of infinite grace and beauty, a being worthy of a Titian to paint, and a Petrarch to eulogize. To Silvertop, the man of sensibility, of wisdom, of profoundest speculation, the breeches-maker’s daughter was a goddess; to the hunchback tailor she was “a nice lump of a girl.” Thus do men of imagination make idols, and thus do the wise sons of earth, in the blindness of their ignorance, profane them. That a divinity to one man should be merely a “lump of a girl” to another!

“What I was about to ask, Mr. Bunch—that is—I—you are not aware that Bridget thinks of any of the young men up stairs?” added Silvertop.

“She!” exclaimed Bunch, with some animation, “she wouldn’t be seen to wipe her feet upon any of ’em. Take my word for that, sir: Bridget’s been taught her worth, sir.”

“I thought so; and yet in a lodging-house, where there are so many faces, and some very handsome,—for women, Mr. Bunch, are caught by good looks sooner than by——”

“I know it, sir; nobody better,” said the hunchback quickly, shaking his head, and stretching himself as he spoke. “I’ve seen life, sir, and the best or worst half of life, sir, is made up of women. And now, sir——”

“She looks all purity,” said Silvertop, “and then her color! Yes,” and the metaphysician and lover of the arts, muttered complacently to himself, “A Titian, a perfect Titian, damme! a Titian.”

“And now, sir,” cried Bunch, “I have your measure for the whole suit: what do you think of the colors?”

“Titian, quite a Titian,” repeated Silvertop, confounding Bridget Buttons with his coat, waistcoat, and trousers.

“Whatever you like, sir, it’s all the same to me,” and the tailor flung out upon the table a voluminous pattern-book.

“True—I see,” said Lorenzo, “ha! now, what color?” Silvertop placing his hand upon his lips, stood silently pondering on the many hues beneath him. Some minutes he remained in profoundest thought, the tailor now glancing at the bits of cloth, and now up at Silvertop, now deferentially pointing his finger towards one piece, now towards another, the metaphysician the while greatly perplexed by the different appeals of different hues. That he who had sounded the very depths of “Free Will” should be puzzled, his wits sent woolgathering by the color of a waistcoat!

“Now, *I* should say,” at length began the tailor, “*I* should say for a coat of my own——”

The metaphysician deigned no word, but knitting his brows, and frowning the dwarf to silence, he stepped one pace backward and rang the bell. In an instant the face of Bridget Buttons beamed at the door.

“Biddy, child,” said Silvertop, beckoning her forward, “you must make a choice.”

“La! sir,” cried Bridget, approaching the table.

“Well,” cried the tailor, winking his wicked one eye at the maiden, “I should say no color but this; no, if I was a young woman, and a gentleman *would* give me a riding-habit, this color for my money.”

“A riding-habit!” said Bridget, jerking round, and looking at the metaphysician, who looked again at her ripe, half-closed lips, as a boy looks at a peach. “A riding-habit! La, Sir?”

“Do you ride, Biddy?” asked Silvertop, in gentlest tones.

“You should see her gallop a bit at Easter on Blackheath,” cried the tailor.

“La! Bunch,” exclaimed Bridget, blushing to her eyelids, “but you are such a man!”

“She rides!” thought the delighted Silvertop, “and a woman on horseback is a most beautiful thing—she has such a presence—such a look of courage—such a hardy daring,” and then Lorenzo, speaking aloud, said to the tailor, “Measure Miss Buttons for a habit.”

“With pleasure, sir; but now the book’s out, sir, if you’ll make up your own mind for——”

“The lady shall choose. Biddy, my dear,” and Silvertop took Bridget by the hand, “in these matters I want taste, and—and—” all this time the metaphysician was squeezing the tips of Bridget’s fingers with the greatest cordiality, the tailor grinning at the process.

“Biddy,” at length said the impatient Bunch, “you must choose for the gentleman.”

“Oh, dear me! Well, I never—oh, sir!” cried Bridget.

“She’s as simple as a cherub,” thought Silvertop.

“And so, let’s begin with the coat,” urged the unceremonious Bunch. “Come, suppose you was choosing for your husband——”

“Well, I never, Mr. Bunch!” said the blushing Bridget; and then she laughed and showed her rows of pearls, and the metaphysician, gazing at her, drew his breath heavily, and again muttered,

“A Titian, damme! a Titian!”

“Now, Biddy,” cried the hunchback, “now, for the gentleman’s coat.”

“If I must, I must,” said Bridget, and she let her eyes wander over the pattern-book, the eyes of Silvertop following them. There was a moment’s pause.

“Come, Biddy,” exclaimed the tailor.

“Don’t be in a hurry, man,” cried the metaphysician, his wrath rising; “and, just to please me, call the young lady Miss Buttons.”

“Now, Miss Buttons,” said the obedient, but grinning tailor. “Now for the coat.”

“Well, I should say,” observed Bridget, hesitating, putting her finger to her lip, looking timidly at Lorenzo, and then pointing out a patch of bright apple-green, “I should say that.”

“A very pretty coat it makes, too—great many of ’em worn,” said the tailor; and he immediately stuck a pin into the patch of apple-green. “And now for the waistcoat.”

It was evident that Bridget had already made her election of the waistcoat pattern, for she instantly, and with some determination, stuck her fingers upon a very brilliant thing, a crimson ground, worked with buttercups.

“So much for that—very handsome, too,” said Bunch, and he stuck a second pin. “And now, Biddy—Miss Buttons—there is only one more choice to make.”

“Another, sir?” asked Biddy, looking with pretty helplessness at the all-admiring Silvertop.

“To be sure; it’s a complete suit—there’s another choice, of course,” said the hunchback.

“Well, you are such a man,” said Bridget, and again she laughed and blushed.

“Come, Miss Buttons,” said the sarcastic tailor, “what shall we say for the—why, what stuff!—what trade’s your father?”

“La, Mr. Bunch! Well, what is it? I’m sure I—how should I know? how should I tell anything of—If I must, then—*that’s* a pretty thing,” and Bridget turned her head aside as she ventured to place her finger on the cloth, touching it as timidly as if it were a nettle.

“Very gay; and what isn’t common with gay things, it wears well,” said Bunch; and he stuck a third pin into a piece of sky-blue kerseymere, the chosen pattern for Silvertop’s nether garments.

Oh, ye gods of Mount Olympus! Oh, ye heroes—oh, ye philosophers—oh, ye thousands, wisest of the wise turned into simpletons, and put into motley by the prettiest of the pretty—receive among ye a fellow-victim, take him to your arms; although the solemn metaphysician, the sloven Silvertop, he, under feminine influence, awhile disguised in a coat of apple-green, a vest of crimson dotted with buttercups of gold, the whole of his wardrobe to conclude with kerseymere of most celestial blue. Nor is this all, for Silvertop looks upon his livery with the profoundest complacency; he considers his colors, as of old, the knights considered the badges of their ladye-loves, and thereupon glories in his metamorphosis.

Days pass, and every day Silvertop, thinking less of “Free Will,” falls deeper into love. Bridget Buttons has risen upon his noon of life, the goddess of his future destiny. A goddess, nothing less; for how beautifully—how completely, can Silvertop explain away her defects,—nay, translate them into the most ravishing attractions! Her ignorance is the sweetest simplicity—her want of conversation, a most delicious humility—her frequent blushing, and a habit of playing with the corner of her apron, an innocence, and that in the very heart of wicked London, almost pastoral. If she run along the floor, Silvertop thinks of Diana—if she put the tea-kettle on the fire, there is in her attitude, in the whole disposition of her figure, something inexpressibly Raffaelesque; and thus, Bridget Buttons, homely daughter of a homely breeches-maker, walks and talks, and does her housewifery, encircled and dignified by a halo of grace and beauty,—the gift of an imagination, to her a riddle and a mystery, a thing at first to be smiled at, and then made merry with. How many Lorenzos have wedded Bridgets, the dowry of the bride, nothing more than what the fancy of the bridegroom hath bestowed; a fleeting good, waning almost with the honey-month!

“Well, Williams, did she let you in?” asked Silvertop one day of a younger friend, to whom he had disclosed the story of his sudden admiration.

“Who?” inquired the new-comer, carelessly taking his seat.

“Who? Why, man, who but—hark! hark! that’s she—”

“Oh! ha! I understand,” said Williams, suddenly recollecting the divinity of the house.

“Did you ever hear a step like that?” asked Silvertop just above his breath.

“I can hear nothing,” answered the visiter.

“Ha! that’s why it’s so beautiful. She trips like a gazelle, sir—a gazelle; hark! there—there—now she’s going up stairs—now she’s—d— that fellow!”

“What fellow?” asked the visiter.

“Why, that fellow in the first floor. Would you believe it, sir, he plays the flute, sir—the flute!”

“Well,” said Williams, “and what of that?”

“What of that? Why—she has gone into his room. You’ll hear him, sir, in a minute, women like the flute, sir—I know it. So it is; some men can dance, some sing, some play the flute, now I—” and the metaphysician looked suddenly crest-fallen—“I can do nothing.”

“You’re a capital hit at backgammon,” said the comforting Williams.

“Backgammon, sir!” exclaimed Silvertop, resenting even an allusion to the worthless accomplishment; “women don’t care a dump for backgammon. Hark! she’s coming down stairs—she’s—no she isn’t. This is too bad,” said Silvertop; and then he quickly added, “but perhaps it’s all for the best.”

“Really sir,” said Williams, “you take this matter very seriously; is it, indeed, sir, a matter of the heart?”

“I bought her a muff yesterday,” said the melancholy metaphysician.

“But, sir, you wouldn’t marry her?” pressed Williams.

“And a gold chain,” continued Silvertop.

“A servant at a lodging-house!” said Williams with a light laugh.

“You’ve not seen her, sir,” fired Silvertop; “you’ve not seen her! Raphael would have worshipped her. All the regality of voluptuous beauty, sir; all the irresistible force of feminine grace—all that something in the face that carries a man off his legs, sir; all that dewy lustre of eye—that fruity pulpiness of lip—that—that—that—d— her!”

“Really sir,” said Williams, very deferentially, “you should be cautious in this affair; because, a girl in her situation of life—you perceive—if you should be caught.”

“That’s it; and that’s—no—I don’t hear her yet—that’s why I want you to come here often. Listen: you know, Williams, you’re a good-looking fellow—yes, you are; tall, and young, and impudent with the women, and all that. Now, I want you to look at her—you understand—to look at her.”

“And what then, sir?” asked Williams.

“What then? You can tell me how she receives it; whether she frowns or laughs, and—and so I shall be satisfied, confirmed of my hopes of her—of her—” and a slight flush coloured the metaphysician’s cheeks, “of her affection.”

“You’ve never talked to her of—of affection, sir?” inquired Williams, with some hesitation.

“When I gave her the muff yesterday,” replied Silvertop, “she said she thought she could love me.”

“Only thought she could,” observed Williams.

“But, don’t you perceive, sir,” rejoined Silvertop, “there was great delicacy in that! And when I gave her a gold chain—”

“What did she say then, sir?”

“Then, sir—but you should have seen her look! Guido never did anything finer—then she owned that I was the man to make any woman happy. I am forty-eight; and no woman before ever said as much to me. Now you, as a painter, Williams, will go mad about her; such form, such outline, such color—she’s an angel, Williams.”

“But she’s a long time up stairs,” said the artist.

“A d—d cat,” growled the metaphysician. On this there was silence for some minutes, and Silvertop sat, intently listening. At length he jumped to his legs, and passionately exclaimed, “Why should she go up stairs? I don’t hear her, sir; not a footstep, sir; not a sound, sir; not the lightest.”

At this moment, Mr. Swanquill began playing upon his flute, “Begone, dull care!”

“You hear that, sir,” shouted Silvertop: “now that any woman could give up the conversation, the intellectual talk of a man like myself, to hear a fellow make a noise like that with a piece of wood! And there she’ll stay, sir; stay, with her ears nailed to that puppy’s fingering; why the devil, sir, couldn’t she hear the flute in her own room—I ask that, sir?”

Williams, who was in no condition to return a satisfactory answer, remained silent.

“They’re all alike, sir, all alike,” continued Silvertop: “women, sir, are animals, mere animals, sir; not a bit more, sir; they’ve no minds, sir; no more minds than sieves—no more.”

Here the musician stopped, and a smile began to break in Silvertop’s face, and he stood breathless, listening for the foot of Bridget on the stairs. Suddenly, however, the minstrel struck up in a high key, the soul-inspiring air of “*Bob and Joan;*” Silvertop’s face became black with passion; he gnashed his teeth, and striking his clenched fist upon the table, he roared, “I’ve done with her, it’s all over, thank God! No; the woman who could listen to that—my dear fellow let us go out, I’ll change my lodgings to-night. No, no, any thing but that tune; any thing but that.” And the writer on “Free Will” sank gasping in his chair, the musician above continuing his dulcet strains. After a few minutes, Silvertop, who had sat in agony, violently pulled the bell. Bridget tripped down from the flute-player, and appeared before the metaphysical Silvertop.

“Did you ring, sir?” asked Bridget.

“I am going out—going out,” growled Silvertop, frowning most furiously.

“Yes, sir,” said Bridget; and with no further words she quitted the room. A pause ensued.

“Williams,” at length spoke the philosopher; “Williams, you know the Cleopatra of Michael Angelo?”

“Very well, sir,” replied the painter; “a mighty, a glorious thing.”

“Humph!” said Silvertop, musing. “No, I don’t mean Cleopatra, that’s not quite it. But you recollect Eve, sir; Michael Angelo’s Eve, sir?”

“Perfectly,” said Williams; “magical union of grandeur and sweetness.”

“The Eve, sir, plucking the apple? You recollect the—the shuddering consciousness that seems to creep over her—the shadow falling on her lustrous face, betokening the unborn consequence!”

“I recollect, sir; you have again placed her quite before me,” said the painter.

“Well, sir,” continued the philosopher, rubbing his knees, “did you see nothing of that just now?”

“Where, sir?”

“Here, sir,” answered Silvertop.

“Michael Angelo’s Eve!” cried the astonished painter.

“I mean, sir, if you had your eyes, did you see nothing when the girl came in that—that at first forcibly reminded you of the freshness of Titian, suddenly saddened into the severity of Buonarotti—I mean, when I frowned at her, there was Eve, sir; a perfect Eve.”

“She is very handsome—a remarkably fine girl,” said Williams; “good teeth, too.”

“Teeth!” cried Silvertop; “good God! sir, look at her outline.”

“Very nice,” said the painter.

“Nice!” exclaimed the philosopher; “did you see the line from her ear to her shoulder—is there any thing like it? In all the great masters, any thing comparable to it?”

“It’s a pity she hasn’t a better taste in music,” said Williams—we think, maliciously.

“Oh, an animal, sir, quite an animal; I have done with her!” cried the inexorable metaphysician. “Thank God, I’ve found her out in time; it might have been too late, sir; but I’ve done with her.”

A low tap was heard at the door, and then it was immediately opened, and again Bridget Buttons stood before Silvertop. He sat in his chair like one enchanted, gazing with unmoved eyes upon the face of the maiden, who with downcast looks, gently advanced towards him. Something she carried in her open right hand; Silvertop spoke not. Bridget approached his chair, and smiling, and her eyes being slowly raised to a snow-white garment, carefully folded, and borne in her right palm, she spoke in most melodious voice, “You said you was going out, sir.”

“Well?” said the mollified metaphysician—“well?”

“Your aired shirt, sir;” and saying this, Bridget put forth her right hand towards the sitting philosopher, who looked now at the folded shirt, and now at the bearer; his rigid face relaxing into a look of the deepest devotion, and so for two or three minutes, he sat, silent and admiring. Bridget stood, and received the fire of his eyes with nerve incomparable. She made no attempt to lay the shirt upon the table; the philosopher offered not to take it from her hand; and thus the maid and the metaphysician might have remained, we know not how long, two statues, “to enchant the world,” had not Williams began, we fear to keep down his laughter, to cough very violently. On this, Silvertop gently half-rose from his seat, and opening his hand, advanced it to the shirt-carrying hand of Bridget; she, with sympathizing delicacy, shifted the garment from her palm to the palm of Silvertop, as though it were a rose-leaf passed from hand to hand, when, the operation silently finished, Bridget, with a new smile and almost a look at Silvertop, swam from the room.

The metaphysician stood, gazing at the door, with the shirt in his hand; he then laid it reverently upon the table, and fully awakened to his state of bliss, giving himself a smart slap on the thigh, he cried, with an exulting voice, “She has me again!”

Williams was about to speak, when a loud knock at the door, demanded the attention of Silvertop. “Hush!” cried he; “I think I know who this is. Come in.”

In obedience to the mandate, a tall, rustic-looking man entered the room, and stood, now stroking his hair, and now smoothing his hat. “Oh!” cried Silvertop, “take a chair, Mr. Hawkweed;” and Mr. Hawkweed immediately complied. “Well, and how do we get on? Oh! you may speak before this gentleman; how do we get on?”

“Capital, sir; as well as heart could wish; quite purely, sir,” replied Hawkweed.

“Well; let me hear: proceed,” said Silvertop; “what happened yesterday?”

“Going down stairs,” said Hawkweed, “I winked my eye, and pinched her elbow.”

“Well?” asked the metaphysician, with an anxious face.

“She fetched me a slap on the cheek, and told me not to pinch my betters.”

“I thought as much,” said Silvertop, “what followed then?”

“In the afternoon, I chucked her under the chin, and trod upon her toe.”

“Ha!” cried Silvertop, “what followed then?”

“She called me a ploughman brute, and said her father should give me warning.”

“Yes, to be sure,” said the satisfied philosopher. “Well, that’s all, I suppose?”

“When she let me in last night,” continued Hawkweed, “I caught her round the neck, and swore I’d have a kiss. She said, if I did, she’d squeal. I did have a kiss.”

“Well?” exclaimed Silvertop.

“And she didn’t squeal,” said Hawkweed.

“To be sure, it was late, and she might have disturbed the house, and—there, that will do, Mr. Hawkweed; you needn’t kiss her again,” said Silvertop.

“Just as you please, sir—it’s all the same to me;” and with this avowal, Mr. Hawkweed scraped a bow, and lounged out of the room.

“There now—what do you think of him? Handsome fellow for a clown, isn’t he?—red cheeks, curly hair, tall stalwart rogue—just the animal to take a girl’s fancy, if she hadn’t some refinement; and yet, you hear—you hear how she resents his advances!”

“Who is he?” asked Williams, in astonishment.

“The fellow lives here—luckiest thing in the world, sir; he took the attic the very day that the scamp with the mustaches left. Well, sir, I’ve retained him; treated him to make love to the girl, sir; and you hear,” cried the exulting Silvertop, “you hear what she thinks of it. You know I can’t be too cautious; but now, I think, I may swear for her. It would be hard at my time of life to be tricked, and so I—I am justified in making every experiment upon her affection.”

“And is it possible, sir,” questioned Williams; “do you really propose marrying the wench?”

“Wench! Raphael never painted wenches, sir; and she’s quite a piece of the old masters; don’t say wench, Williams; is Corregio’s Venus a wench? Stay,” continued Silvertop, as Williams rose to depart. “You are new here; she has not seen you before; now, as you go out, just—you understand me—just look at her.”

“Well, sir, if ’twill give you any satisfaction, as far as a wink goes, I——”

“You know what I mean, and as a friend, let me know how she receives it.” Saying this, Silvertop rang the bell, and Bridget appeared to show Williams to to the door. The metaphysician sat with quickened ears to catch the slightest sound. He heard no syllable; all was hushed. Surely Williams was not all this time in the passage, and yet Silvertop had not heard the street-door close. Was it—could it be Bridget smothering a laugh? The philosopher violently pulled the bell—there was a hurrying sound in the passage—the street-door was flung to—and in the same instant, the placid Bridget presented herself to the summons of Silvertop.

“Did you ring, sir?” asked Bridget.

“I—Biddy!” and Silvertop looked in her face, and smiled at its sweet tranquillity. “Biddy—I have changed my mind—I shall stay at home to-night, Biddy.”

“Very well, sir—thank you, sir,” and Bridget, taking the shirt, tripped from the room.

“I’ll marry her—I will,” said Silvertop to himself, “and finish ‘Free Will’ afterwards.”

A fortnight had elapsed, and every thing had jumped to confirm the metaphysician in his goodly purpose of marriage. He had received numberless proofs of the purity of Bridget—of her ingenuousness—her decided preference for him above all men. Silvertop felt proudly satisfied that he was the first man who had taught her heart to throb with sweet emotions. She had never—he could take his affidavit to the flattering fact—never loved before. He, Lorenzo Silvertop, was Bridget Buttons’s first and only passion.

“I will immediately speak to her father,” was the determination of Silvertop one morning after breakfast, such resolve being, we strongly suspect, assisted by a remarkably pretty cap, worn for the first time by Bridget. “It is but a mob-cap,” said the admiring Silvertop, as the girl left the room; “yet on her head it becomes classical. I’ll speak to her father.”

Even as Silvertop muttered the words, a knock was heard at his door, and who should present himself but Adam Buttons, breeches-maker, and father to Bridget. “Some men,” thought Silvertop, “would take this as a happy augury;” then said to the breeches-maker, “Mr. Buttons, take a chair.”

“You’re very good, sir—very good, indeed,” said Adam, seating himself, and trying to look at his ease.

“Mr. Buttons,” said Silvertop, “you are a very happy man, Mr. Buttons.”

“Why, sir, I manage to make both ends meet, sir; pay the rates and all that,” said Adam.

“But, sir, you have a peculiar source of happiness,” observed Silvertop.

“’Tis not for me to brag, sir,” replied the modest breeches-maker; “but I believe my cut’s as good as any in the city; I’ve made, sir, for two Lord Mayors in my time, three Sheriffs, and half-a-dozen Aldermen.”

“I alluded, Mr. Buttons, to your happiness as a father,” said Silvertop.

“Why, yes, Biddy’s a good un, sir,—a real good un; shall lose our right-hand, sir, when she goes.”

“Goes!” exclaimed the metaphysician; and he felt a spasm about the region of his heart.

“Gals must marry, sir, some time,” said the breeches-maker.

"True," replied the philosopher.

"There's no help for it, sir; none, sir, unless to be sure, they keep single, and that's all very well, sir, when father and mother's alive: but, as I'm getting old, sir, and, howsomever, sir, to make a long matter short, I shall not be sorry to get Biddy off my hands."

Silvertop unconsciously shrank at the homeliness of the breeches-maker, and then prepared himself to receive the proposition of the father, who was evidently come to have with his lodger a proper understanding.

"You have been very good indeed to us, since you have been here---indeed, I may say, quite a blessing to the house," said Buttons.

"Say not a word about it," entreated the modest Silvertop.

"I'm sure Bridget does nothing but talk about you---I'm sure, sir---I---I ask your pardon, sir; but I can hardly get out what I was going to say."

"I believe, Mr. Buttons, I can almost interpret the object of your visit," said Silvertop.

"Only to think, sir,---if you should !" remarked Buttons.

"Is it not about the---the settlement---that is, the marriage of your daughter?"

"You're as good as a witch, sir."

"Believe me, Mr. Buttons," said the metaphysician, offering his hand to the breeches-maker, "believe, me, sir, I was about to address you, and this very morning, too, on that most interesting subject."

"Only to think !" repeated Buttons.

"Pray do not mistake me---but you give no dowry with Miss Bridget?"

"Dowry, sir?" asked Buttons, possibly unconscious of the meaning of the word---"dowry?"

"I mean you give her no fortune?" asked Silvertop.

Buttons gently rubbed his hands, smiled, and answered, "Why, sir, not much in that way."

"Well, never mind," said Silvertop; "my means, though not great, are tolerably well."

"I thought he would---I was sure of it," was the silent opinion of the gladdened father; "I knew he'd give her something handsome."

"I shall put you to no expense whatever," said Silvertop, "I shall defray all the expenses of the ceremony---the fitting out of the bride---indeed, every thing myself."

The munificence of the lodger was too much for the landlord; Buttons rose, and seizing both hands of Silvertop, declared him to the noblest gentleman that ever lived. What had he---Buttons---done to have deserved such a friend? "You will indeed, make Bridget happy," said her father.

"I hope," said Silvertop, very meekly, "I hope I shall."

"Well, sir, as all that's settled, I hope you won't think that I'm in much of a hurry, if I say Monday next. Will that day be quite convenient, sir?" asked Buttons.

"Monday next !" There was something in the naming of this day---in this fixing of the time, that made Silvertop pause; it was but for a minute, for with admirable self-possession, he observed---"Well, as it is to be---perhaps, the sooner the better. Say Monday."

"Bridget, sir, has fixed on Bow church. No objection, I hope, to Bow church sir?"

"None, whatever; only, I have to request that the ceremony may pass off as quietly as possible, let us have no crowd, Mr. Buttons: don't let us make a show of ourselves," said Silvertop.

"Certainly not, sir—it isn't decent; just a dozen friends or two, and nobody more. Biddy, sir, has set her heart upon Gravesend, sir; no objection, I hope to Gravesend?" asked Buttons.

"Gravesend—what do you mean? Gravesend!" cried Silvertop.

"To spend the honeymoon at, sir; you know, we can all go down and see her at Gravesend, sir; a pretty place, sir, for young people, sir."

"If Biddy have a preference for Gravesend," said Silvertop.

"She's such a gall for shrimps, sir," cried Buttons, and so fond of the sea. What's more, she's never ill."

"We can talk about Gravesend; all the principal points, are I hope, settled. The ceremony is to take place on Monday—at Bow church---"

"And you, sir, see to the dinner, and all that! Ecod! sir, I'm the happiest breeches-maker in the world---I am, indeed, sir; and how happy Bridget's husband will be!"

"I hope it," said Silvertop.

"I'm sure of it," exclaimed Buttons; and as he spoke he opened the door, and forcibly pulled in Bunch, the hump-backed tailor, Bridget Buttons, with downcast eyes, following him.

"Mr. Bunch!" said Silvertop with dignified surprise.

"Thank him, Joel, for the best friend you have in the world," and Buttons pushed Bunch towards the metaphysician; "thank him---he'll find the wedding dinner---fit out your wife, and all."

"Wife! wife!" cried Silvertop, turning pale; "what is all this?"

"My wife, sir, as is to be on Monday, sir," said Bunch, introducing Bridget Buttons.

"Marry you!" screamed the metaphysician.

"It's been a settled job these six months, cried Bunch, smirking.

"You marry him!" raved Silvertop at Bridget, looking with inexpressible loathing at the self-complacent lump of deformity---"you marry him! Impossible. What! do you love him?" roared Silvertop. "Answer me. I say, do you love him?"

Bridget Buttons took up the corner of her apron, glanced at Silvertop, then at Bunch, and coloring, said---"La! sir."

The metaphysician groaned; his whole frame quivered with passion, and it was with considerable difficulty that he asked---"If---if this infernal porwiggle is to marry your daughter---what did you come to ask of me?"

"To give her away, sir," said the breeches-maker.

To the horror of the metaphysician, Bridget Buttons, that incarnation of grace and sweetness, became the wife of Joel Bunch. The happy couple were married at ten o'clock in the morning at Bow church, and at six were seen in a Gravesend boat embarked for the place of their honeymoon. Bridget looked remarkably well; her riding-habit, her muff, tippet, and gold-chain attracting the admiration of all beholders.

Lorenzo Silvertop is still a bachelor, and still at work on "Free Will."

"APPLEBY'S THE MAN!"

"Devant toi, O Nature, vaste et eternelle! devant toi je jure que jamais, non, jamais, a-t-il pense de lui-meme petite bierre."—*Query*, J. J. ROUSSEAU!

Thus, tersely, though not poetically, rendered by the English translator;—"He never thought small beer of himself."

In Drury-lane Theatre there was, during many years, a man, a Character, whose name was Appleby. He was messenger to the establishment, and, besides did a variety of little odd jobs for the performers. To describe his person would be to do an unkindness to his memory: "*De mortuis*—;" and little Appleby has long been sleeping in his little grave. Yet let us endeavour, in a delicate way, to convey to you some notion of what manner of man he was; and this may be done least offensively by negatives. He was not qualified, then, for the adequate representation of Coriolanus—his stature and deportment were against it; nor for that of Lothario—his face was not in its favour; nor for Romeo—his voice did *not* sound "silver sweet by night"—nor, indeed, by day either; nor could he have succeeded as Harlequin, for (not his eyebrows, but) his shins being finely arched, they would have endangered his personal comfort as often as he had to risk them in a leap through a brick wall or a dripping-pan. But his voice having been, what a late noble orator might have called, his most remarkable "feature," it is necessary to say further of it, that it possessed considerable charms for those who delight in a compound of a snuffle and a lisp.

At the time when Appleby flourished, there flourished also in the same theatre with him, many persons of high distinction; amongst those were Sheridan, the finest comic dramatist that has existed since Congreve and Farquhar; John Kemble, a tragedian as yet unapproached, if not unapproachable;* and two others to whom the same remarks will apply—Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan. Now, as Appleby frankly and honestly admitted the importance of those persons to the establishment to which they and he were attached, so was he unscrupulous in asserting his own; and for so long a period had he filled his situation, that, at last, he considered himself an integral part of the theatre which could no more exist, and he not in it, than a watch perform its functions if one of its wheels were removed. Having said thus much, it will at once be perceived, that of Appleby's mind, the grand characteristic was vanity—not a small, sneaking, timid vanity, which is contemptible; but a vanity bold, boundless, and indomitable, compelling admiration. It was not of his person he was vain—his great soul was above such weakness—but of his abilities. He fancied not only that he could do every thing, but also that he could do every thing better than any body else. This he always thought, and never hesitated to say. Now, as occasions for the declaration of this opinion of himself were constantly ocurring, a long phrase for the purpose would have been inconvenient; it would have caused a ruinous waste of time: he compressed his sentiment, therefore, into one short, compact, and most expressive sentence, consisting of only three words:—"Appleby's the Man!"

But in addition to his settled notion that whatever he did was right and best, he would have it believed also that he could do no wrong. He never would admit that he had made a mistake, or had lapsed into negligence. To err might be human, but error was a frailty from which little Appleby always contended that little Appleby was exempt.

But mere description is insufficient to do justice to his character; we must exhibit him in action, and make him speak for himself.

One day, just at the termination of a rehearsal, Wroughton, the stage-manager, received a message from Mrs. Siddons. She informed him that she was suddenly taken ill, and that, unless she should recover within a few hours, it would be impossible for her to act that evening. She requested, therefore, that, in case of the worst, he would be prepared for some change in the performances; but assured him that she would exert herself to the utmost to render any such change unnecessary.

What was to be done? It was too late to change the play (which was Macbeth) altogether; the manager's only resource, therefore, was to be prepared with a substitute for Mrs. Siddons. He wrote a note to Mrs. Powell, acquainting her with the circumstance, and requesting her attendance at the theatre that evening, in case her services should be required.

Appleby, the messenger, was sent for; and, in order to guard against any mistake, the manager was precise in his directions to him.

"Appleby," said Mr. Wroughton, "here is a note to Mrs. Powell; it is of great importance; you must not lose a moment in the delivery of it. And now, observe: if you do not find her at home, you must follow her to wherever she may be, and put the note into her own hands."

"That'll do, sir—note of importance—enough said, sir—Appleby's the man." Appleby's compound of snuffle and lisp, which defies the printer, the reader must supply—if he can.

"Then go; and lose no time."

"Lose time, sir? Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, Appleby never loses time, sir. I tell you what Mr. Wroughton; there are some people in this theatre—and some of what I call the big wheels in the machine, too,—who do lose time; but beggin' *your* pardon, sir, for never losing time, Appleby's the man."

"Now, sir," said the manager, sharply, "unless you go instantly with that note, I shall send somebody else with it."

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, there is nobody in this theatre can take this note but little Appleby. 'Tisn't a common note, sir—any body can take a common note, sir—but you told me very distinctly that—now beggin' *your* pardon, sir, for not allowing myself to be interrupted, you *did* tell me very distinctly that this is a note of great importance; and for delivering a note of great importance Appleby's the man."

"Then go at once, and make no mistake."

"Now beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I never made a mistake in my life; and, I tell you what, Mr. Wroughton, I'm the only man in the world that can say as much—at least in Drury-lane Theatre, and this Theatre is what I call the world in mini'tur', so that it's the same thing. Could make a mistake as well as any body else, if I tried, I dare say; but beggin' *your* pardon, sir, for never making a mistake Appleby's the man."

Appleby quitted the presence; and Mr. Wroughton drew up, and despatched to the printer, a notice which, in case of need, was to be posted at the doors of the theatre, prior to their opening. In the days of the Kembles, and Siddonses, and Jordans, ladies and gentlemen did not presume to "condescend" to do that which it was their duty to their employers and the public to do, even though that duty might involve the performance of a second-rate part of Shakspeare's;* so the notice ran simply thus:

"Owing to the sudden indisposition of MRS. SIDDONS, the indulgence of the public is entreated for MRS. POWELL, who has undertaken the part of *Lady Macbeth*, at a very short notice."

At the period in question, the entertainments commenced at half-past six, and the doors were opened at half-past five. Long, long before that time, however, the various entrances were besieged by crowds who were anxiously waiting to witness the sublime performances of Kemble and his sister. Mr. Wroughton had taken a hasty dinner, and at five o'clock was again at the theatre. His first question to the stage-door keeper was, "Is Mrs. Siddons here?" To this the reply was in the negative.

"Then is Mrs. Powell come, or has she sent any message?" inquired the manager.

To this double-shotted question, the reply was as before.

"Then send Appleby to me instantly," said he; and he proceeded to his room.

But Appleby was nowhere to be found. It was ascertained that he had left the theatre, when ordered, with the letter to Mrs. Powell, but he had not since been seen. Now Appleby was the Magnus Apollo of a small circle who frequented a public-house near the stage-door (which was then in Drury-lane); he was the dictator, the unquestioned and unquestionable authority in all matters theatrical. The most profound secrets of the manager's room, stories of the most private doings of the principal performers, the last night's receipts to a fraction, the plot of the forthcoming, or even of the yet unfinished play, would all be communicated by Appleby to his auditors; and as he enjoyed their implicit reliance upon the correctness of any thing he told them, however improbable or absurd it might be, so did they, when disseminating the information they had received from him, command the belief of *their* hearers by the unanswerable—"I had it from Appleby!" In that scene of his glory was Appleby sought for, but in vain: wonderful to tell, he had not been there that day! The time for the opening was drawing near: it was necessary that instantly something should be determined upon. Mr. Wroughton himself went to Mrs. Powell's house, which was in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre. He was informed by one of her servants that she believed her mistress had not received any note from him, for that only half an hour ago she had set off to visit a sick friend at Hampstead. All hope of her assistance, therefore, was at an end, so that he could not issue the notice he had prepared. What should he do? He was mightily perplexed; so he did what many people, who are quite as wise as he was, do when they find themselves in a scrape—he resolved to trust to the chapter of accidents for getting out of it. Nevertheless, that nothing might be wanting on his part, he went to Mrs. Siddons: he made her acquainted with the difficult position in which the theatre was placed; and that lady, though scarcely capable of the exertion of acting, yet undertook to play that night. The evening's performances consisted of nothing more than the tragedy of Macbeth, with Kemble and Siddons in its leading parts, and the farce of "High Life below Stairs;" yet was the house as crowded as if the classic stage of Drury had presented a cage of wild beasts for the play, and Jim Crow, the elegant and the edifying, for the after-piece.

Before the conclusion of the play, Mrs. Powell came into the green room; she confirmed the statement made by her servant, that she had not received Mr. Wroughton's note, and added that Appleby had not been at her house at all on that day. Shortly afterwards it was announced that Appleby had at length made his appearance. The culprit, who exhibited symptoms of having been indulging in potations of a stronger kind than water, was forthwith summoned into the manager's room.

The manager, assuming his severest look and sternest tone, thus began:—"Now, sir; what is the reason that—

"Now, beggin' *your* pardon, sir, that is'nt the point: there's four hundred and eighty-six pound in the house, at first account, this blessed night, and who have you to thank for it? I tell you, sir, Appleby's the man."

"None of your foolery, sirrah, but tell me, why——"

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir; I don't mean to say that Mrs. Siddons is to go for nothing—in all machines there are wheels---big wheels and little wheels—wheels within wheels, as I say. Sometimes the big wheel does the work, sometimes the little wheel. Mrs. Siddons is a wheel, a big wheel—Mr. Kemble is a big wheel—but Appleby also is a wheel, and—now, please, beggin' *your* pardon, sir, don't interrupt me---I say Appleby's a wheel though he is but a little wheel. Now, to night the little wheel has done it. Four hundred and eighty-six pound, first account---Appleby's the man." And Appleby, with an air of importance, drew himself up to his utmost height.

Wroughton, angry as he really was, could scarcely suppress a laugh; and aware of the man's weakness, and perhaps amused by this exhibition of it, he allowed him to make out his case his own way.

"Appleby, I gave you a note for Mrs. Powell: the fact is you lost it."

"Oh!—now I understand you, sir. You accuse me of losing the note. Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I never lost a note in all my life." Here, with an air of triumph, he drew the note from his pocket, and threw it down upon the table. "Now, Mr. Wroughton, I hope you'll confess your *un*justice. You accuse me of losing the note, and there it is. No, no, sir; you may think what you please, but beggin' *your* pardon, rely upon what I tell you—little Appleby's the man."

"Why, this is making the matter worse and worse. Instead of obeying my orders, you have been passing the whole of the afternoon in some public-house.

"*In* course I have, sir," replied Appleby, in a manner the most unconcerned. "*In* course; and where's the harm of it, when I had nothing else to do?"

"What! when I positively ordered you to deliver that note into Mrs. Powell's own hands!"

"*In* course you did; you're a perfect gentleman, Mr. Wroughton, and I don't mean to contradict you; but beggin' *your* pardon, sir, there was no need to employ an *Appleby* for such a thing as *that*."

"What do you mean, sirrah?"

"I'll tell you what I mean, sir. Any man in this theatre can deliver a note when he is ordered to do so; any *common* messenger can do that: but for knowing when to *deliver* a note, and when *not* to deliver a note, beggin' *your* pardon, sir, Appleby's the man. Now—now—please, sir, don't interrupt me. Setting the case I had done as you ordered me, what would have been the consequence? First place, Mrs. Powell would have got the note; second place, she'd have come to the theatre; third place, you would have put up at all the doors a notice of the change; fourth place, more than eight-eighths of the people would have gone away—taken their money to the Garden, perhaps;* fifth place, you'd have had seventy pound in the house. "Now, sir, owing to my not delivering that note, there's four-eighty-sir, first account, and who have you to thank for it? Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, Appleby's the man."

And having satisfied himself, not only that he had done no wrong, but that, on the contrary, he had rendered a considerable service to the theatre, he, without waiting for another word from the manager, strutted out of the room.

There was in the theatre a bricklayer, who was constantly retained for the purpose of giving his professional assistance upon any sudden emergency; but as those occasions were not of daily occurrence, he did duty, also, as a relief to the stage-door keeper. This man was a tall, athletic Irishman, named Billy Brown. It had happened that Brown being employed upon some necessary repairs, Appleby had (to use Brown's words) "dropt an insult upon him which he would never forgive." What was the nature of that insult we have not been able to learn: it seems to have been entirely between the parties, for it never was brought to light. The offence, however, must have been heavy; for, the first time after its perpetration that the parties met (which was in the hall of the theatre), Brown caught Appleby up in his arms *and actually threw him behind the fire.* From this perilous situation he was instantly released by persons who were present, and all he suffered was some damage to his clothes. But Brown never forgave the insult, nor Appleby the injury; and when they met, as sometimes they could not avoid doing, they always passed each other in silence and with a sullen scowl.

On the morning after Appleby's interview with the manager, Brown was in attendance at the stage-door. Appleby came as usual. Greatly to his astonishment, he was saluted with, "Good morning to you, *Misthur* Appleby." But the value of the salute was considerably diminished in Appleby's estimation by the sneering tone in which it was uttered. Appleby made no reply, but was passing on, when his progress was prevented by Brown's placing his huge arm across the doorway.

"None of your nonsense, beggin' *your* pardon, Mr. Brown: I'm Appleby!"

"Then you'll walk out of this, *Misthur* Appleby: you are discharged."

"Discharge Appleby! pooh! Let me know who'll dare discharge Appleby, and I'll soon let them know that Appleby's the man."

"Then you'll let *Misthur* Wroughton know it, *Misthur* Appleby, for it's by his orders; so walk out of this, I tell you."

"I'll see Mr. Wroughton himself," said Appleby, attempting to force a passage under Brown's guard.

"Then you'll see him in the *sthrate*, for out of this you must go—and quietly, if you *plase*." Brown uttered these words with a malignant grin, at the same time pointing significantly to the fire. The hint was sufficient; the burnt child made no reply, but hastily shuffled out into the street."

Discharged! *Appleby* discharged! The doom of Drury was pronounced. The thing could not be; it was an invention of his old enemy, Brown, for the purpose of annoying him. Such were the thoughts of Appleby as he paced up and down, outside the stage-door, in expectation of the arrival of Mr. Wroughton. At length that gentleman made his appearance.

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir," said Appleby, taking off his hat, but standing erect, and looking the manager full in the face; "beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I have news that will astonish you: Appleby's discharged."

"Well, and what then?" said Mr. Wroughton, in a tone of indifference.

"Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, I'm afraid you don't understand me: *I* say 'Appleby's discharged,' and *you* say 'What then?' *Appleby's* discharged, sir; APPLEBY! that's all."

"I have discharged you in consequence of your negligence yesterday. You will be paid the full week's wages, but you will not be wanted here again.—You are discharged." Saying this, Mr. Wroughton entered the theatre, leaving Appleby utterly bewildered by this confirmation of his disgrace.

He staggered over to the other side of the way, and looking up to the building from which he was so unnaturally dissevered, as if he expected nothing less than its fall must ensue.

"Can't go on," at length he muttered; "can't go on, that's *very* certain; a wheel out of the machine. Poor Drury! I'm sorry for poor old Drury. Appleby *out*? Can't be! Mr. Wroughton's a wheel—a big wheel, I don't deny it; but Mr. Sheridan's a bigger wheel. Now we'll see what Mr. Sheridan will say to this."

Appleby proceeded directly to the house of the "bigger wheel." Here he was informed that Mr. Sheridan was gone down to the House of Commons. Thither he followed him. He found him in one of the Committee-rooms. He scribbled something upon a piece of paper, which was handed up to Sheridan, who, with evident alarm, read the words—"*Don't be frightened, sir, but I have bad news for you.*"

Sheridan hurriedly led the way out of the room. "What in the name of Heaven is the matter," inquired he; "is the theatre on fire, or what?"

"Not exactly that, sir, only, beggin' *your* pardon, the Concern can't go on."

"Oh, the old story, I suppose; the performers have struck for arrears of salary?"

"No, sir; but the thing will never enter your head, so I'll tell you: Appleby's discharged."

"Well, and is that all? is that why you have dared to disturb me?"

"All!!" exclaimed Appleby. "Beggin' *your* pardon, sir, allow me to ask you a question. Suppose I took a wheel out of your watch—a little wheel, we'll say—what would happen?"

"Why, booby, the watch would stop."

"That'll do, sir; that's all I want; for getting at once to the rights of things, Appleby's the man. Now, Mr. Sheridan, this is why the Concern can't go on: a little wheel is taken out of the machine: Appleby's discharged. *That's* all."

Sheridan, who knew and enjoyed the humor of the man, burst out laughing, in spite of his vexation at this interruption. "Who has discharged you?" said he, "and why? I suppose you have done something to deserve it."

"I'm discharged out of gratitude, sir. Four hundred and eighty-six pound in the house last night, at first account, letting alone the half-price, and who is to be thanked for it? *You* know me of old, Mr. Sheridan; so I needn't tell *you*—Appleby's the man."

Sheridan having patiently listened to Appleby's story (which he told after his own fashion), desired him to meet him at the theatre in an hour, promising to intercede in his behalf with Mr. Wroughton.

Appleby, who now considered his reinstatement in office as a settled thing, loitered about the neighborhood of the House of Commons till Mr. Sheridan came out, and unperceived by him, he followed him to the theatre. He entered at the same moment with Sheridan.

"Oh, here you are, Appleby," said Sheridan, who had not till then observed him; "come along with me."

"Good morning to *you*, this time, Mr. Brown," said Appleby, as he strutted past his redoubtable foe.

The result of Sheridan's intercession was, as might have been expected, Appleby's restoration to his place:—a severe rebuke, and a fine of ten shillings for example's sake, being his only punishment. Appleby did not venture down to the hall until he had satisfied himself that all the persons who might be there, but chiefly Brown, were informed of his being again in power. He then made his appearance with a handful of letters for delivery. Of the fine and rebuke he said nothing; but, placing himself in the very centre of the hall, he folded his arms across his breast, and looking Brown steadily in the face, cried, "Discharge Appleby?" Then, striking his hat firmly down upon his head, he added, "Appleby's the man!"

But poor Appleby did not long live to enjoy his triumph. In his last moments a friend was with him, who vainly entreated him to send for a clergyman.

"My good fellow," said the friend, "you wish to enter heaven?"

"*In* course," replied Appleby, faintly; "wheels—beggin' *your* par——big wheels—little——"

"Then if that be your wish," resumed the friend; "if you wish to enter heaven, how can you expect it, unless——"

"Leave that to me," said Appleby;—"Appleby's the man." And having uttered these his last words, he turned his head upon his pillow and expired.

Appleby is no more; but the race of those *qui ne pensent pas petite bierre d'eux-memes* is not extinct.

P*.

London New Monthly Magazine for May.

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* This may truly be said, and said without offence to any one of Kemble's successors. To be less than he may still be to be great: we do not look down upon the Jungfrau as a mole-hill, because Mont Blanc has been celebrated as the "Monarch of Mountains." But, within these three or four years, it has become a practice with certain "profound," "widely-grasping," "soul-analyzing" criticlings to prattle of the performances of that splendid actor; to compare others with him; to draw the comparison always to his disadvantage, and generally dismiss him with a sneer. It is our intention, at no distant time, to amuse ourselves with the easy task—for easy it is to pierce holes in cobwebs, or tear tinder to tatters—the easy task of picking to pieces the opinions of those most competent judges, so far at least as the bombast and fustian in which their opinions are enveloped, will allow us to understand them. And we think we shall amuse our readers also, when we show that of those "learned Thebans," who write so glibly about him, *some never saw him*, whilst others at the period of his retirement from the stage (1817), were strutting about in the conscious dignity of a first appearance in inexpressibles. Oh, for one moment of glorious John! just to see him turn upon the *parroted* crew—(we use the word advisedly)—and witness his look and tone of withering contempt as he would say to them—"You common cry of curs!"

* In the bills of the Theatre Royal —— (the play being Hamlet), it positively stands recorded of a second rate actor of the present day, that—"upon which occasion, and for that night only, Mr. —— will kindly *condescend* to perform the part of the Ghost."

* Meaning thereby Covent Garden Theatre. "You have a bad house to-night," said some one to S——, who was for many years the box-keeper at Drury Lane Theatre. "Sorry to say, sir, very bad, sir," was that most civil functionary's reply. And with upturned eyes, a pious look, and a hand upon his heart, he added, "But Providence is very kind to us, sir, notwithstanding, sir: thank God, it is a great deal worse at the Garden, sir."

NEW YORK RACES, SECOND SPRING MEETING.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

At an early hour on Tuesday morning the town was on the *qui vive*, in anticipation of the Four Mile Stake on the Island, and the question "Are you going?" was the first salutation on all hands. Omnibus-ters and hacks were in great demand, and a tremendous run on the livery stables was kept up until 12 o'clock; there was an uncontrollable panic among the amateurs of trotting horse flesh about getting over the ferries in season, a terrible pressure being kept up at the toll-gates all the morning. Notwithstanding extra locomotives on the rail-road were brought to the starting post in good condition, they were nearly broke down by the extra weight of at least two thousand passengers. None gave way, however, or were trained off, but blowed out strong, and cooled off finely. At eleven o'clock, the beautiful road from the city of Brooklyn to the course was covered with a dense mass of vehicles, of every shape, color, and description, from the dashing four-in-hand and tandem turn-outs, to Communipaw clam-boxes and sixpenny bone-setters. At one o'clock an immense concourse had assembled on the course; the Public Stand, which holds about 3000, was crammed, the Club Stand was full, and the Ladies' Pavillion filled with a more brilliant galaxy of "booty and beauty" than has been seen on the Union Course since the race of Eclipse and Henry.

Owing to a very hard rain on Monday night, the track was heavy, though dry on the surface; it was damp enough, however, to cup out, and at speed, the horses' hoofs were nearly socked, particularly on the backside. The day, too, was unfavorable to making quick time, the air being thick and damp, with a strong east wind.

Of the four nominations three only came to the post:—Mr. LIVINGSTON'S *Job*, Mr. STEVENS' *Fordham*, and Capt. STOCKTON'S *Caroline*. Col. HETH'S *Jack Kremer* was on the ground, but paid forfeit. With Southern men, up to the day previous to the race, Job was the favorite at slight odds, and it is not unlikely that a change of trainers may have had the effect to give him the call. On the week of the Beacon Course meeting, Mr. Livingston disposed of half his interest in him, with his engagement, to Mr. OTWAY P. HARE, of Va., for $3000, to which Mr. H. was to add $1000 if he won. Mr. H., of course, withdrew him from Laird's stable, and put him in charge of "Old Charles," who brought him to the post in superb condition, at least to the eye. His coat was fine and glossy, and his flesh well distributed and seasoned; it was thought by many that he might have been reduced too suddenly, but in that respect his owners were perfectly satisfied; in a brush on Sunday morning, however, he wrenched off his right fore shoe, and complained a little on that and the following day in that leg, but the matter was managed so well, that it even escaped the lynx-eyed Arthur Taylor, though from an extra dent in "that old white hat," you might have detected a suspicion of a screw loose somewhere. It had the effect of making Fordham the favorite on Monday, at trifling odds, which were increased, after the horses were brought on the ground, to 100 to 80. Belcher had Fordham in prime fit, though rumors of a cough were rife among the knowing ones in the morning. Unfortunately, Mr. VAN MATER'S Abram was selected to ride him, and a worse specimen of jockeyship we have not seen this season, if we except his performance on *Vashti* at Trenton, where this fine mare was beaten the second heat in 8:24, after having, with a better jockey on her back, won a second heat, only a fortnight previous, in 7:46½. He had, in the first place, to carry at least twelve pounds dead weight, and in the second, he hardly obeyed his orders in a single instance; with little or no control over his horse, he was all abroad in his seat, sawing him from side to side across the track precisely as he did Vashti at Trenton. It is our firm belief that, with horses perfectly matched, Gil. Patrick can beat him, and give him 7 lbs., and had the parties accepted Mr. THOMSON'S offer, to pay $1500 and withdraw Caroline, and put up Gil. on Fordham, the time certainly, if not the result, of the race would have been changed. Caroline was in fine condition, but had neither the strength nor size to compete with such stout muscular horses as Job and Fordham. Her performance, considering her peculiar shape and size, was not inferior to either of the others; she fairly run herself out, as did little Trifle, when beaten by the terrible stride and amazing strength of Black Maria. For old turfites, and especially for gentlemen celebrated for their shrewdness and judgment, this was about the worst managed race we ever saw. Whether "too many cooks spoilt the broth" or no, or who managed the two contending horses in the race, we neither know nor care;—no one, we fancy, will be inclined to claim the credit of it. But to

The Race.—Fordham had the inside track, and dashed off with the lead, with Job laying 2d, and well up; he kept up his run with a gallant stride, and contrary to express orders, maintained the track for three miles and a half, when Job challenged at the hill, ran a dead lock with him round the last semi-circle, outfooted him from the head of the quarter-stretch home, and beat him in by nearly a length in 7:49½—the best time ever made on the track by untried 4 yr. olds, and considering the day and track, a much better race even than that made by Bascombe and Post Boy. Caroline never made a stroke for the heat, while Daniel socked both spurs into Job at every jump, from the last half mile post to the end.

Each cooled off finely, and the game little filly as well as either. The odds now veered about, and 2 to 1, then 3 to 1, and as they started, 5 to 1, was offered on Job.

They went off at a hand gallop, and when they got round upon the backside, it was evident each rider had received the same order—that is, to lay behind, and put the issue upon a brush. It was really laughable to see Daniel, Abram, and Gil. trying to pull back, one behind the other, as if riding an Irish donkey race, in which each rides his neighbor's ass, and the last one in is the winner. Half the butchers' carts in town could have beaten the party the first mile, which was galloped in 2:50—two mortal minutes and fifty seconds! The second mile was a repetition of the first, bating some odd seconds, and thinking the heat was to be galloped instead of run, betting was brisk at 50 to 100 the filly beat Fordham! On commencing the 3d mile the pace began to improve; Job led with a fine stride down the back-stretch, but Fordham collared him at the foot of the hill, cut him down in half a dozen strokes, and made play round the semi-circle to the straight run up the front side, and past the stand, Caroline being 2d, and Job 3d, but close up. Fordham kept up his run down the back stretch without faltering, though Caroline and Job changed places, the strength and stride of the colt overmarking the game little filly, but at the heel of the hill Gil. gave her two or three such first rate eye-openers that she ran up to Job's saddle-girth in a style that had like to have brought on a "determination of blood to the head" among some of his backers. Daniel was not to be caught, however, but getting well at his horse, he rammed in both spurs to the rowel-heads, "making a perfect mash" of the filly, as Kurnel Whetstone would say; in an instant he was at the side of Fordham, and it was a neck and neck affair round the sweep to the quarter-stretch, where Fordham came in front, and won handily without whip or spur, the others pulling up within the distance flag. The 3d mile was run in 2:03, and the 4th in 1:56—the heat in 9:10!

The betting was now about even, Fordham having rather the advantage, though a slight one. His backers were exceedingly confident, while many of Job's friends were advised by one of his owners not to back him farther, as fears were entertained of his "game leg." Not a penny, however, was hedged on either side, while one of Job's friends, who "dies on his favorite," and more especially if he chances to be one of your "terribly high bred cattle," piled it up on him from the start in the first heat to the finish in the last; he stood within reach of us, and as Job's prospects looked bright or adverse, you might hear him proclaim from the centre of the Club Stand, "$100 on Job!"—"$100 to $50 on Job!"—"$300 to $100 on Job!"—"$400 to $100 on Job!"—"$500 to $100 on Job!" which last bet was offered and taken at least twenty times, so that at length he "broke a winner" of about $9000 and some odd hundreds, besides a heap scattered among THE LOOSE FISH, *who couldn't find him when the race was over!*

Job led off the third heat at a racing pace, with Fordham trailing between two and three lengths in his rear, instead of laying up nose and tail with him as he ought to have done, and as Abram was ordered. The first mile was run in 2:06—the 2d in 2:05 and the 3d in 2:01; "go along" was the word and there was no faltering nor change of position between the two colts though their stride became more and more extended each mile—Fordham running on his courage and pulling hard while Daniel kept Job awake by occasionally tapping his claret; the filly, poor thing, was at this time, (at the close of the 11th mile,) in difficulty and the pace to her taste was getting no better very fast. Job led past the stand on commencing the 4th mile two lengths in the clear a head and it was run with a killing stroke from end to end; at the half mile post Daniel drew his whip on him and kept him up to his rate round the semi-circle to the head of the quarter-stretch, where Abram called on Job and a desperate struggle ensued; in fifty yards Fordham made up a gap of over two lengths without a touch of the whip, and it was a neck and neck race to the draw gate, where Daniel with a tremendous effort pulled his horse well together and by giving him half a dozen furious stabs and keeping his whip hand at work, finally won the race out of the fire and brought Job home a winner by the length of his saddle skirts! It was a display of coolness and consummate jockey-ship on Daniel's part that would have done credit to Sam Chifney or Jem Robinson, and we had the gratification of seeing it substantially rewarded by more presents of odd fifties and twenties than probably Daniel ever saw before in his lifetime.

The last mile—the twelfth—was run in 1:52, and the heat in 8:04, and had the 2d heat been contested from the score this race would stand recorded as one of the best made in the country; for a field of untried four-year-olds, it was certainly a most remarkable race and considering the state of the track and the atmosphere, the victories of Eclipse, of Mingo and of Lady Cliffden, of the hundreds run over the Union Course, are the only ones which surpass it in point of time at four mile heats.

This race was made up a year ago among a party of friends, and next to winning it himself we believe each of the gentlemen interested is sincerely gratified that the honor of carrying off the brilliant stake has fallen on one who for so many years, has been a staunch supporter and distinguished ornament of the Northern Turf. At the termination of the race he was congratulated on all hands and by none more heartily than by the losers themselves. Job was bred by Mr. Livingston and so named as being "the eldest son of Jemima," whom he purchased for $1600 as a brood mare of Col. W. R. JOHNSON of Va. Fordham was bred by Mr. STEVENS and derives his name from the ancient manor of Fordham in Westchester County, N. Y., where he was foaled. Having given a particular description of each last season when Fordham beat Job for the Great Produce Stake of $44,000, we omit any further notice, save to hint that the owner of Fordham like Napoleon "is never more to be feared than in his reverses!" A proposition to run the winner a match of four mile heats for $20,000 aside was made on the evening of the race and declined. Subsequently Job's friends made a proposition to run Fordham three or four mile heats, but as he was complaining of a cold two days after the match the matter was dropped. No doubt a match will be made up to come off at the Fall meeting Fordham presents the seasoned, hardy appearance of a five-year-old, though he has grown an inch in training, while Job looks like a healthy, fine grown and growing colt. That Fordham, if properly managed, could have won the stake, none believe more sincerely than the heavest backers of Job, but he will find Job another sort of customer in his 5 yr. old form. They are both a credit to their breeders and to Long Island, and should they meet this Fall in a race of four mile heats "may we be there to see!"

Immediately after the main race a Produce Stake was run for, which resulted in favor of Maj. JONES' colt *Treasurer*, who led from end to end in both heats and won cleverly. There were twelve subscribers to the stake at $1000 each, $250 ft. and $100 declaration; five declared forfeit and four paid. Record:—

TUESDAY, June 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Four subscribers at $2000 each, P.P. Four mile heats.

Walter Livingston's b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler	Mr. Hare's *Daniel*	1	2	1
John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Fordham*, by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles		2	1	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Caroline*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy		3	3	dist.
Col. John Heth's b. c. *Jack Kremer*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse		pd. ft.		

Time, 7:49½—9:10—8:04. Track rather heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lb. Twelve subs. at $1000 each, $250 forfeit, and $100 declaration; five declared. Mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc	*Joseph Laird*	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ro. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Jane Grey's dam		3	2
Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. f. *Sylphide*, by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian		2	3

Time, 1:53½—1:58. Track rather heavy.

SECOND DAY.

In consequence of a very heavy rain storm on Wednesday, the two mile race up for that day was postponed and came off on Thursday. The entries were Col. JOHNSON'S *Rocker*, Mr. VAN MATER'S *Clarion*, and Mr. BATHGATE'S *Waterloo*. Betting was brisk at 100 to 30 on Rocker. Clarion and Waterloo cut out the work for the first mile when the latter declined and Rocker caught up the running, carrying it on with a fine stride over the hill, round the sweep and up the straight side, where at the gate Gil. pulled him back and Clarion won cleverly by several lengths in 3:52, Waterloo barely saving his distance.

In starting for the 2d heat Gil. made a dash for the track and took it on the first quarter. Clarion strode along in hand at least three lengths too far behind, [contrary to the orders of his owner] and Waterloo got second at the end of the first mile, but soon after was tailed off a long way and came near being shut out a second time by the distance flag. Abram laid Clarion so far behind that on the last half mile after making up a wide gap, he had not a run in him left and suddenly gave it up; Rocker of course won at his ease. The time was 3:51, a second better than that of the first heat. Waterloo was now withdrawn; we have been surprised and mortified to hear that his owner should have felt hurt at a remark of ours relative to Waterloo's race with Hornblower at the First Spring meeting, more especially as the kindest feelings have existed between us for years. If he felt aggrieved it was his duty to apprise us personally of the fact instead of bruiting abroad complaints of our partiality, or ignorance, or whatever else he was pleased to ascribe our remark to, and we would have set the matter right with pleasure. We merely intimated that Hornblower won the race with ease, remarking at the same time of one heat that "Waterloo made a tip top race of it." So he did for him, but it was no great race for Hornblower, who, in our opinion, can beat him from 100 yards to four mile heats and give him ten pounds.

The purse for Three mile heats brought out Mr. VAN MATER'S *Trenton*, Mr. MCDANIEL'S *Vashti*, and Mr. STEVENS' *Tornado*. Trenton was the favourite at 100 to 80. He jumped off with the lead, but Daniel's left stirrup gave way on the 1st quarter and he came near falling off; not being able to restrain him he soon made a wide gap, and Vashti, who made the running, was unable to catch him until near the last half mile post; he however had foot enough to drop her at will, and won the heat cleverly, Vashti pulling up inside of her distance, while Gil. stole a march on Daniel and brought Tornado within two lengths of him at the finish.

Trenton made play from the score in the 2d heat, with Vashti laying well up 2d, and Tornado waiting upon her; the last two changed places in going round the semi-circle of the 1st mile, and they passed the stand in this position, and also ran out the 2d mile; in coming up the straight side Tornado seemed to stumble, and his trainer thinks he let down in one of the back sinews of his right fore leg; Vashti passed him on the 1st turn of the 3d mile, and lapped Trenton, who was spurred all the way down the backside, while the filly appeared to be running with something in hand; at the hill Tornado was half out of his distance, while Vashti appeared to be gaining on Trenton, until opposite the Club house, half way round the semi-circle, when she suddenly broke down and stopped in the track; in 200 yards further Tornado also broke down, so that accident gave Trenton the heat, and probably the purse. Both horses broke down in their right fore legs; in Tornado's case, every leader and sinew seemed to have given way, while Vashti was not so much injured, and may possibly recover so as to bear her weight upon her foot, but she is utterly incapacitated from appearing again on the turf—a circumstance which excites the sincerest regret.

THURSDAY, June 6—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 and 4 yr. olds to carry weight as before; 5 yrs. 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Rocker*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs	*Gil. Patrick*	2	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs		1	2	2
James Bathgate's b. c. *Waterloo*, by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, by Duroc, 4 yrs		3	3	dr

Time, 3:52—3:51—4:01½. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of a Tuckahoe mare, 4 yrs	*Abram*	1	1
Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 y.		2	*
David McDaniel's b. m. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs		3	*

Time, 5:57—5:59 * Brown down.

THIRD DAY.

Yesterday was a glorious day, and the prospect of a fine race induced the attendance of a large concourse of spectators, including a brilliant galaxy of city belles. The entries for the Four mile purse were Col. JOHNSON'S *Boston*, Col. HETH'S *Balie Peyton*, and Mr. LAIRD'S *Decatur*. At the Club table on the evening previous, a staunch backer of Boston (probably his owner ere this) led off the betting by offering $1000 to $300 on him against the field, and to bet it nineteen times! It was taken seventeen times at the table! The same gentleman also offered $500 to $400 on Boston for the first heat, and large sums were laid out on this "point,"

The Race.—Balie Peyton went off in advance under a strong pull, and carried on the running with a long rating stroke to the foot of the hill, near the half mile post, where Gil. on Boston was directed to pass and take the track. A moment before 100 to 50 was offered on Peyton for the heat. "Boston can't get up to him!" exclaimed a gentleman at our side. "He has not tried yet," quietly remarked "the Old Napoleon," "but he will in ten yards;" and pass him he did, on ascending the hill, as if Peyton was standing still, coming over the brow at least two lengths ahead. The thing was out; Boston won hard in hand, while Decatur barely saved his distance. Balie Peyton pulled up so suddenly opposite the distance flag that it was feared he had given way, but we understand he received no injury. He was much too high for a bruising four mile race, as most of our turfmen thought; his barrel is so round, that a superficial observer would at once express this opinion, but his trainer thinks he runs better in this order than any other. He was withdrawn after the heat, and Boston galloped over for the second—that is, he went along at a hand gallop with Decatur behind him, the odds being $100 to $5, and in the last mile $100 to $1. The first heat was run in 7:47, and the second in 8:02.

Immediately subsequent came off a post match of mile heats between the stables of Capt. STOCKTON and Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS. The latter brought *Tamerlane*, and the former *Passaic*, to the post: the match was won handily by Capt. Stockton, the imported colt leading from end to end in both heats.

A race of mile heats concluded the day's sport, for which Mr. HARE entered *Andrewetta*, Mr. VAN MATER *Eliptic*, and Capt. BRANCH *Suffolk*. The "grey mare proved herself the better horse" by winning handily.

FRIDAY, June 7—Purse $1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs	*Gil. Patrick*	1	1
S. Laird's (Sam'l M. Neill's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich (Tarquin and Suffolk's dam,) by Eclipse, 6 yrs		3	2
Col. John Heth's b. h. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs		2	dr

Time, 7:47—8:02.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Post Match of $1000 aside, P. P., stable vs. stable, of 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel by Moses	*Craig*	1	1
Robt. L. Stevens' b. c. *Tamerlane*, by Shark, out of Celeste by Henry		2	

Time, 1:56—2:00.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $100, conditions as for the other purses. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	*Daniel*	1	1
D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Decatur's dam, 5 y.		2	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's (Combs & Ellis') ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Amanda by Revenge, 4 yrs		3	3

Time, 1:51—1:51.

It was not determined positively, when our paper went to press, that a meeting on the Beacon Course would take place next week.

FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) SPRING RACES.

Our special correspondent furnishes us with the following report of the Fredericksburg Spring Races:—

Dear Sir,—The annual Spring Races over the *Mulberry Course*, near this place, commenced on Tuesday, the 28th May. The following gentlemen are the Officers of the Club:—Maj. BYRD C. WILLIS, Pres't; —— Stevenson, Esq., Vice Pres't; T. H. Ramsey, Esq., Sec'y; and Wm. McCargo, Esq., Treasurer and Proprietor.

TUESDAY, May 28—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's (Dr. F. Neal's) b. c. *Tayloe*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White	*Charles*	4	0	1	1
Gibson & Willis' (P. P. Barbour's) b. f. by Goliah, dam by Contention		2	0	4	2
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Jackson, dam by Aristotle		1	4	3	3
Col. G. Smith's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Tariff		3	3	2	dist.
John S. Corbin's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy		5	dist.		
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Contention		pd. ft.			

Time, 2:03—1:59—2:02—2:01.

From the rain the previous night, the track was extremely heavy. Tayloe was the favorite vs. the field. The Jackson and the Chateau both went off together, and continued so for about half a mile, when the latter gave it up, and his place was instantly taken by the Goliah, who made a dash at the Jackson, but could not come it. The Jackson colt won the heat by about a length.

2d heat.—The Goliah cut out the work till they entered the last quarter, when Tayloe went up and collared him; a severe race now ensued between them, and they came to the stand neck and neck, making a dead heat of it.

3d heat.—Tayloe made play, and after running some 40 yards, succeeded in obtaining the lead, and maintained it throughout, winning handily.

4th heat.—Tayloe again led off, and after a smart race with the Goliah, won the heat by about a length.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Walter L.*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	*Archer*	4	1	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs		2	4	2
Col. John P. White's b. h. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs		3	2	3
D. H. Waddle's (D. Hicks') b. f. *Lizette*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Arab, 4 yrs		1	3	dr

Time, 3:52—3:52—3:53.

The weather to-day was more favorable, and the track in tolerably good order Betting in favor of Jerome against the field. After three or four false starts, Lizette went off with the lead, Jerome 2d, Emily 3d, and Walter several lengths behind; in this order they ran the first mile and a half, when Emily made play, and gave Lizette a severe brush to the distance stand, and then gave up, allowing Lizette to win the heat by three or four lengths, in hand.

2d heat.—Lizette and Jerome carried on the running, and kept close together for the first round and a half, when Walter made a dash, came up to them and collared the Luzborough; a severe struggle took place down the quarter stretch, and when about 50 yards from home, Walter shook off his competitor, and won the heat by two or three lengths.

3d heat.—After a smart contest with Emily, Walter proved victorious, winning the heat by about a length.

THURSDAY, May 31—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $25, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

John S. Corbin's b. c. *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	6	1	1
Wm. McCargo's b. c. *David Fylde*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 y.	1	3	2
Maj. Byrd C. Willis' (Col. J. C. Gibson's) b. c. *Dandridge*, by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs	2	2	0
Col. Wm. Thompson's ch. m. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, out of Laura, 5 yrs	3	4	0
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. h. *Buck*, by Stanard, dam by Contention, 5 yrs	5	5	5
Col. John P. White's gr. c. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	4	dist.	

Time, 5:52—5:51—5:50.

This being the last day's sport, there was a goodly assemblage of people in attendance. The weather was delightful, and the track in superb order. The betting was in favor of David Fylde vs. the field. Considering the number, they all got a fair start, Dandridge dashing off with the lead, Bendigo 2d, David 3d, Rowena 4th, Buck 5th, and Bandit last. They kept in this position, without material change, for two miles and a half, when David pushed forward, and felt Dandridge for a moment, and then drew back, but on coming to the quarter stretch, he let loose and collared him again, when a severe rally ensued home, which resulted in the Fylde winning by a length only.

2d heat.—The betting now was 2 to 1 on David. Bandit cut out the work, with Dandridge on his quarters, and the rest well up, excepting David, who was several yards in the rear. The only change of moment was in the Fylde colt, who made play and placed himself 3d in the last round. Bandit won the heat hard in hand, the others pulling up within the distance stand. Bendigo was distanced in consequence of his rider pulling him up in the 2d round, thinking it was the last mile.

3d heat.—There were some false starts, or rather an over eagerness to get the advantage in the start. At length they all got off, Dandridge and Buck running at a merry rate, Rowena 3d, and Bandit and David laying up watching each other. Thus they performed the 1st mile; on going round the first turn of the 2d, Rowena made play, and lapped Dandridge down the back side; he, however, soon shook her off, and continued to lead to the half mile post, when Bandit dashed forward and made up a gap of 50 yards in double quick time—challenged and passed Dandridge instantly, and quickened his pace from this point home. All chances were out, he kept the lead, and came home under a pull, five or six lengths in the clear, a-head, David Fylde 2d, who made a gallant run to the last. It was decided a dead heat between Dandridge and Rowena Buck came in last.

Mr. Roscow C. Dickinson, of Spring Grove, Todd Co., Ky., claims the name of *Clary Crump* for a chesnut filly with a blaze face, foaled the 10th of Feb.; it was got by Imp. Autocrat out of a mare by Goliah.

Stockholder.—We desire to call attention to the fact that this celebrated racer, and the sire of a long list of winners, is standing at the stable of Mr. A. B. Newsom, in Wilson County, *Tennessee*, eight miles from Lebanon on the Cumberland river, fifteen miles from Gallatin, and thirty-five from Nashville. A typographical error in the "List of Stallions for 1839," induces us to designate thus particularly the place of standing of this fine son of Sir Archy.

Kate Seyton, (not Seaton) was overtaken at Baltimore on her way home to South Carolina from Philadelphia, and will be detained at Dr. Goodwyn's stable at Belfield, Va., until information shall be received from her owner, Col. Hampton, whether her engagements in Carolina and Georgia, will prevent his loaning her services for the match. Should he suffer her to remain longer in Virginia she will probably go to the stable of Col. Johnson.

Mr. D. D. Schamp of Readington, Hunterdon Co., N.J., claims the name of *Hunterdon* for his ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Trenton and Dayton, by Tuckahoe.

Mr. F. P. Gerow, of Augusta, Ga., has bought of Mr. Jonathan J. Holmes of Monmouth Co., N.J., his bay colt *Fifer*, three years old, own brother to Mr. Van Mater's *Hornblower*, by Monmouth Eclipse out of Music, by John Richards, for $500. The same gentleman has purchased of Mr. John Longstreet, of Middletown, N.J., his chesnut filly, own sister to *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar. These fine young things will soon start for South Carolina, where they will be trained this Fall.

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J.—A number of Sweepstakes have been opened which will appear next week. Read the proprietor's advertisement in another column.

THE MILE RACE AT TRENTON.

My dear Mr. Editor,—I reckon as how you would be obliged to me, if I would jist fulfil my promise about the *wring in* from *Old Kentuck*, at Trenton. Well, the sooner I commence the sooner I'll get through. The Trenton course is the slickest and nicest in the world; it may rain and rain, and it still will be a good Course, and then the way Dr. Brown is a liberal fellow is jist about right; as to eating, jist go to Snowden's, and the way you can git good things is nobody's business. But for *that* race;—well, it was a mile and repeat. A sorrel horse called *Stanhope*, entered by Van Mater, was the favorite. He is a great big, strong, animal, more like Boston in appearance than any horse I ever saw; then there was a Tonson, with Gil. on his back, and Dr. Poole's colt, a good 'un at that, and Old Shepherdess, and a bay mare; then last, but not least, came the *wring-in* from *Old Kentuck*; it was a bay colt, something like the *Warping Bars*, but not quite as big, and he hadn't as much muscle. He was kivered with an old saddle blanket, and his mane looked like as if it had never seen a curry-comb. The man that led him was only a dot behind Dan Looney. He entered him as "*the stolen colt*," and there might have been more truth than poetry in the pedigree. His rider's dress, he said, was "yaller trousers, no hat, and black shirt." When the horn blew, and the riders mounted, the *wring in* looked chock full of wild oats and vinegar. The drum tapped, and off they went; *Wring-in's* rider, was dressed in a long-tail grey, and the way it spread and stuck out like the steering oar of a forked-tail hawk was sinful; for the first six hundred yards he was in the crowd, arter that he couldn't come it; Old Shepherdess won the heat. Some how or other, the judges forgot to drop the flag, and he wan't shut out. At it he went again, but he was worse off the next heat, and the flag left him on the wrong side, and he had to slope off. He bore his defeat like a man, the old saddle and blanket was again put over him, and the boy with the forked-tail coat mounted him, and the six footer led him off. The second heat was a dead one 'twixt Stanhope and the Tonson. The third heat was a dead one agin, the fourth Gil. won, the fifth and sixth Stanhope won, but it was most night before they got through.

I had a chill, and quit the field when the *Wring in* quitted the race. He told me to look out next Fall, and I'd see the big stars fall. Says he, "I was jist feeling them to-day; I have got a colt at home that can beat him thirty open yards in a quarter, and the further the worse; but look here, stranger," says he to me, "won't you light and take a little of the crittur? it will have an almighty good effect on that ar' shake you have got." "I don't care if I do," says I; and down I got. Well, in we went, and says he, "what will you drink, stranger?" "Name it yourself," says I. "Punch," says he. "Punch," says I. "Gentlemen, how will you have it" says the bar-keeper, "cut or squz?" "I'll take it *squz*," says I. "Ditto, peach," said the *Wring in*, and the liquor was mixed. I drank his health, and success to his *bite* in the Fall, bid him good bye, got into a Jarsey wagging, and cut out for Snowden's, where I had a rale tarnation shake.

Ever yours, Pete Whetstone.

A DAY ON LONG ISLAND.

New York, May 27.

My Dear P.—How delightful to an invalid is the fresh air of the country, after he has been housed and pent up, from that most disagreeable disease, *chills and fevers*. My visit (for the first time,) on yesterday to Long Island, was to me a rich treat indeed—to say nothing of the hospitality and kindness of the good folks there—the beautiful scenery and magnificent country seats. One who is a lover of *horse-flesh* can, with those beautiful animals alone, be fully and amply repaid for a trip to the Island. My visit was brief, and I had an opportunity of seeing but few horses—those I will hastily describe. At the Union Course I had the pleasure of seeing the great Fordham, Suffolk, and a filly by Sussex, out of Ann Page's dam, taking their evening exercise. Capt. Branch, one of the proprietors, and Mr. Belcher the trainer, with their usual politeness invited me to the stables. Fordham, whose style of going is very fine, was first examined: he is a light chesnut of good size, with an Eclipse head—rather short neck, but the head finely set on the neck—great width between the jaws with fine room for his breathing apparatus. The most remarkable points about him are his shoulders and depth through the heart, in which points he can not be excelled—his legs are very fine with large bones, and if he be at all deficient, it is behind—though he has a fine back, loin and hips, still there is something about him that gives him the appearance of being light. I have not seen his great competitor, Job, but never have I known a match where both sides were so willing to stand up to the rack.

The Sussex filly is a beautiful chesnut, and I think will make a "good un"—in her hips, thighs and hocks, she resembles the Timoleons. Suffolk is a tall lengthy horse, deficient in carcase, though with clean good limbs. He is very speedy, but I should not think him able to pack weight.

From Capt. Branch's, I went over to Mr. Drews, where I saw Shark. He is truly a beautiful animal, black as midnight, with a coat, "silken and shining as the raven's wing." His head and neck are more highly finished than those of any Eclipse I have ever seen—his limbs are fine—back, hips, and thighs good, and ribbed better than any horse I have seen for many a day.

His pedigree is as good as any one could wish—his performances were of a high order, and had not his *racing career* occurred about the time that that most extraordinary and unequalled animal, the great and invincible little Trifle, figured on the turf, Shark would have, as a racer, occupied the highest pinnacle in the niche of fame. His colts are making a brilliant figure on the turf, and the proudest compliment of all, was the fact that Mr. Kirby's colt Camden, vanquished two other Sharks, both of which were winners in different fields.

In Shark's harem I saw Kate Kearney, the finest specimen of a brood mare I have ever met with—indeed, the old lady might successfully compete for the *gold cup*, with some of the best young things of the present day. She has the finest Priam colt foal I ever saw—a rich bay with no white, but a small crescent in his forehead. I also saw a fine chesnut mare, the full sister to the dam of Andrew, with a superior Priam colt foal—a deep bay with no white, except a triangular spot in his forehead. The whole party with the exception of Uncle Johnny R. (celebrated for his punch,) and myself, pronounced him the better of the two. These mares belong to "*Old Nick*," and I would suggest that one of the colts be called "*Monster*." There were two other mares in the harem—one by Sussex that I did not fancy, and one by Andrew out of Charles Kemble and Wild Bill's dam. The latter has a fine filly foal by Mingo, and, even alongside of Priam's splendid prodigies, it appeared well.

The meeting on the Union will doubtless be a brilliant affair. Job and Fordham will make a contest well worth seeing, to say nothing of other attractions. The Spring campaign will be on the eve of its termination *there*, and despite the *ruling fashion of the day*, we shall have well contested fields.

It will be too late to pair off and wait for soft places, and so many good ones are in *soak* for the 4 mile day *there*—that *dry* they must.

Balie Peyton, Willis, Vashti, and Hornblower will possibly contend with the invincible Boston—but *nous verrons*.

Truly yours, N.

HINTS TO TURFMEN AND PROPRIETORS OF COURSES.

Near Nashville, May 15, 1839.

Dear Spirit,—Sporting gentlemen at the South and South-west are highly pleased at the spirited measures taken by their brethren in New York, to revive the state of the Northern Turf, and we would be glad to fall upon some plan that would add a fresh impulse to those manly sports in this great region. When one reflects on our insulated situation—the difficulties, expense, and delays of travelling—the paucity of public amusements—the domestic occupation and the rural propensities of our inhabitants—and contemplates the general salubrity of our climate, and the amazing productiveness of our soil, he would naturally conclude that nothing was wanted, except the will and the spirit, to render this fine country unrivalled in the whole world for the Sports of the Field and the Turf. So far as I know, there is no positive want of good feeling, and certainly but little open hostility to the Turf, but there seems rather to be a want of system, and harmony, and union among the friends of the Turf, whose exertions, instead of being concentrated, are frittered away and enfeebled by a diversity of objects and individual interests.

In illustration of the idea intended to be conveyed, I will instance the multiplicity of race tracks and Jockey Clubs in the immediate vicinity of each other; although they prove a lively interest in the cause, and a liberal support from the public, yet these praiseworthy efforts are not productive of those beneficial results that might have been attained under a more perfect organization of the entire materials. It appears to me that sporting gentlemen are too often inclined to consult their individual interest or convenience rather than the general prosperity of the Turf; and farmers are apt to lose sight of the improvement of the stock—the legitimate end of racing—by withholding their contributions, unless the races are to be held at their very door, as it were. Now it is well known that numerous requisites are indispensable to constitute an eligible site for public racing, many of which never enter the head of the spirited projectors of a new course, and for the want of which their best efforts often result in disheartening failures. They seem to forget that money does not always make the mare go.

1st. The soil should be of the proper consistence for training, and also favorable for running upon without endangering the horses' legs. It is a great desideratum to obtain the *right sort of ground* for hard work, and of vastly more importance than evenness of surface—a matter of secondary consideration. We are not quite sure that a gently undulating surface is unfavorable to quick time—but whether or not, naked tracks are liable to such frequent changes from the influence of the elements, that *time* ought not properly to be considered as conclusive evidence of a horse's merits; indeed, we are inclined to the opinion, that entirely too much stress is laid upon it in estimating his performances.

2d. *The water* should be abundant at all seasons, of good quality, and convenient to the stables.

3d. The adjoining country should be capable of supplying, abundantly and cheaply, every article required for the sustenance of horses, all of the very best quality; and in addition, the surrounding farmers and mechanics should feel deeply interested in advancing the welfare of the Turf.

4th. The fixtures and all the appointments should be of a *permanent* character, safe and convenient in themselves, and adequate to the reasonable wants of trainers, grooms, and servants, as well as horses. In short, it should be a desirable and a comfortable home for all who are in any wise connected with the stables.

5th. If in the vicinity of large towns the course might be inclosed, and a reasonable charge made for admission; but if near any country town, the race course should be open to all pedestrians.

6th. The sports should be so arranged as to *consume the greater part of the day*, and each day should present an agreeable variety, not only to suit the tastes of all, but to suit the capacities of all descriptions of race horses. This thing of ordering one race per day, and all of heats, to the end of the chapter, to be repeated at every course in the country, week after week, and year after year, presents a listless monotony to all except those who are immediately interested in the result, and goes far to disgust the public with these frequent repetitions of familiar scenes. To make racing popular, there should be an attractive variety in each day's sport, like theatrical entertainments, and enough of it to occupy the attention of the audience, and keep them from the gambling booths and doggeries, which are a curse upon the land, and the bane of all rationa amusements.

These and numerous other requisites are quite important, if not absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the Turf at any place, yet how few of these essential elements of prosperity are found concentrated at any of our country places of sport? There are within an easy day's ride of Nashville some four or five Jockey Clubs, and as many race tracks. Each meeting consumes a week or more of every season, though the whole racing at all the meetings would not afford more than one good week's sport. This is an illustration of what was meant by the remark, "that the efforts of the friends of the turf were frittered away and enfeebled by a diversity of objects and interests," instead of being concentrated, and consequently strengthened, by a union of exertions. The evils resulting from this state of things are abundantly apparent to all who are practically acquainted with the affairs of the Turf, and nothing more is wanting but concert and harmony to effect a most salutary reform. There is not money enough offered at any one track to induce enough horses to make the racing interesting. For the want of horses, but insufficient stabling, and other accommodations, are provided at each track. Subscribers to the Jockey Club, disappointed in the sport, gradually drop off, and not only withdraw their patronage, but cease to attend, and thus, step by step, the whole thing dwindles away, and finally expires. You may remember that in this, the very heart of the Western race-horse region, there was not last Fall a single well-contested race over any of the surrounding tracks, and in more than one instance, one stable won every race at the meeting, and generally without a contest. The Nashville Club has itself expired by its own limitation, and as yet a new one has not been formed. The most important stake (in amount) ever made, is to be run over the Nashville Course four years hence, to be governed by the rules of a Club not in existence.

These matters are suggested for the consideration of those whom it most concerns, that, in the formation of a new Club, they may obviate as far as practicable the objections here alluded to. We should remember that A NEW ERA in the affairs of the Turf has recently commenced; that the metropolis has been transferred to New Orleans, which has become the great point of attraction for all the crack horses of the country; that all turf engagements in this quarter should be so arranged as not to interfere with the races there; indeed, all breeders and owners should have an eye to that place for the destination and ultimate sale of their horses.

I perceive one of your correspondents objects to the number of rival tracks near New Orleans, and very justly remarks that people get tired of three weeks' racing. One principal reason of that is, the want of variety, and the absence of open days. If all the racing over the three courses were confined to one half of the number of days, with suitable intervals, they would all be better patronised. The race courses there are splendid amphitheatres, established at vast expense, and a profusion of money sent forth to attract the best performers; and, as in all other rival public amusements, the most attractive bill of fare will ensure the best audience. But the citizens of New Orleans, whose countenance and support are of the greatest value, are actively engaged in business, and are loth to devote an entire day to witness a *single race*. If they devote an entire day they should have a full and a good day's sport, of a pleasing variety, and then to ensure a full attendance, some small interval should be allowed. With such changes in the arrangement, and the introduction of a variety of sweepstakes. all the courses near New Orleans will doubtless continue to receive ample encouragement, more especially if the times should be prosperous again, and trade flourishing.

An Observer.

VISIT TO "PRIAM'S" STAND IN 1839.

Mr. Editor.—The number of breeders interested in this "great son" of a "renowned sire"---the hope that he will bring into notice mares now entirely "unknown to glory"---the conviction that he is entitled to rank with the first Stallions of the age in any country---must attract to this article as much notice, as the writer expects or desires. Few horses in the past century have enjoyed equal reputation for *beauty, performance, and as a sire*, with this finished specimen of the "*Emilius*" get. "*Priam's*" appearance will equal the expectation of the most fastidious breeder, for he deserves all that has been said or written about him---he would be perfection, but for impressing the beholder with the idea, that he is refined away too much---it will be difficult, notwithstanding his own brilliant achievements on the Turf, and the decided success of his get, from one to four miles, in England as well as America, to avoid *inclining to the opinion*, that he is rather "delicate." That he *must* get the *best* sweepstake colts that ever started in Virginia, I, for one, entertain no doubt—that he may get as hard bottomed nags as ever appeared in any country, there is strong reason to hope. Besides racing powers of the first order, "*Priam*" will impart beauty to his get, which is, I think, a very high recommendation. This capital stallion stands at a very high price—but there could be no reason to murmur if he was limited to fifty mares; nay, if he *realizes expectation*, and who can doubt it? Breeders should not object to his standing at double his present prices, if limited to thirty mares. We so rarely have such a horse, that we ought to husband his powers. In a few years, the contest for superiority as a getter of winners, will in my opinion, be narrowed down to "*Leviathan*" and "*Priam*." The former, I understand, is limited to sixty mares, and the failure of his first colts is attributed to his covering, during *his first seasons*, one hundred mares, the number to which it is understood "*Priam*" is *limited*. Unless this disparity is removed, it will require no *seer* to predict the result. Justice to the magnificent "*Priam*," requires that his owners and the breeders who support him, should take this matter into serious consideration,

"*Priam*," celebrated as he is and deserves to be, cannot absorb the attention and interest of a visitor at his stand. The mares with him now (April,) are well worth a passing notice—better mares, perhaps, never collected at a stallion's stand in Virginia. As matter of interest to such gentlemen as are connected with the Turf, I will briefly notice a few of the most distinguished.

My Lady—imported—the property of Col. Robert B. Corbin, of the "Reeds," Caroline County, Va., the dam of Jereed and Passenger.

Bustle, imported, and *Sally Hope*, the property of Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, Hicksford, Va.

Isabella, the property of Col. Wm. Wynn, the dam of Anvil, Drone, Martha Washington, Picton, Porter.

Bay Maria, the property of Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. She is the most perfect model of a brood mare I ever saw, and will, I have no doubt, have as much celebrity as Lady Lightfoot, as the dam of winners.

Maria West, the dam of Wagner and Polly Peachem; the dam of Portsmouth, the property of Mr. J. C. Rogers, of N. C., perhaps the most valuable *couple* of mares in *one stud* in Va.

Countess Plater, the property of Mr. Philip, St. George Ambler, of Amherst County, Va., the dam of Altorf.

The mares enumerated above, will, I dare say, compare with the same number any where in the Union, and their foals by Priam in 1840, will command as much money as any *eight*, ever dropped on this side the "shoreless lake." I thought whilst looking at them, that one might safely *back* the choice of this lot, against the *choice* of the same number with any other horse in the Union. From one of these, if from any, may we reasonably expect a horse to appear, equal in all respects to his sire, the Prince of Stallions. Perhaps the colt is already *rearing* whose fame, like the shell of Misenus, is destined to sound through the land, and call thousands and tens of thousands to witness his hitherto unequalled efforts. From these mares, a champion might be selected for the great match between Europe and America. The South may, with confidence, look to these mares to sustain her reputation in this great match.

Among other mares whose blood and appearance justify the hope that they will prove valuable brood mares, I may mention "*Eliza Reily*," the property of Mr. J. C. Williamson, of Hicksford, and a chesnut mare, "*Dahlia*," by Timoleon, dam by Precipitate, the joint property of Dr. R. C. Ambler of Richmond, and Mr. F. E. Brooke, of Fredericksburgh, Va.

It has often occurred to me, that the knowledge to which horses the dams of winners are sent, would every year be very acceptable to those who purchase colts for the turf—and if this information should be accompanied with the owner's name and address, as in the present communication, it would give it additional value.

A Breeder.

CHESTER RACES.

STEWARDS—GEO. CORNWALL LEGH, ESQ.; SIMON YORKE, ESQ.

Considerable pains have been taken to give additional eclat to this year's meeting, and those who took an interest in the matter have received full compensation for all their exertions; the number of horses sent to the races, the competition displayed by their different owners, and the multitude collected together from all parts of the surrounding districts, being almost unprecedented. The weather on Monday was "set fair," and a fine refreshing shower that fell on Saturday did much towards the improvement of the course and the comfort of the numerous visitors. The hotels and inns were full to an overflow. Liverpool and Manchester pouring forth numbers of its population, and the principality sending a goodly number to enjoy the day's sport. The betting ring was formed opposite the Green Dragon, and in the course of the morning a tolerable share of business was transacted. The all-absorbing topic was the Trades' Cup, and a host of favourites presented themselves, to the infinite delight of the "betters round." It had been ascertained to a certainty that Harkaway was to start, and during the morning 7 to 1 was laid agst his winning; 6 to 1 agst Caravan was the quotation before dinner; the same agst King Cole; 12 to 1 agst Sir Ralph and Cardinal Puff, but with few backers; 11 to 1 agst Cow Boy; 14 to 1 agst Chit Chat, although in the course of the morning some of his friends were content to take 10 to 1; 20 to 1 agst Modesty; and the same agst Lugwardine. Ordinaries were provided at most of the hotels, and dinner was served at one o'clock to a minute, it being a rule in Chester to dine first, and attend the races afterwards. It was nearly three when the bell rang for clearing the course, aud full half an hour elapsed after that before the first race was run. The Grand Stand, as also a temporary wooden erection alongside, were crowded with fashionables, embracing a great portion of the resident country gentry, with a large influx of visitors from different parts of the country.

The first day's races came off as follows:—

MONDAY, May 6.

The Trial Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Stand Committee; six subs.

Mr. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb	M. Jones	1
Mr. Ogden's br. c. Harpurhey, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	Bond	2
Mr. T. Walter's gr. c. Vertumnus, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	Marlow	3
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Ole Bull, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	Lye	0
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Peter Parley, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb (carried 6st 9lb)	Lund	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Harpurhey, 3 to 1 agst. Pops, 3 to 1 agst. Ole Bull, and 5 to 1 agst. Peter Parley. The Captain took the lead, followed by Vertumnus and Harpurhey, was never headed, and won easy, by several lengths.

A Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st 4lb; 3lb allowed to untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce have not won, but not to both; two miles; 9 subs.

Lord Derby's ch. c. Aeronaut, by Velocipede—Cinderella, ~~8st 4lb~~	Lye	1
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Papineau, by Emancipation, 7st 11lb	Darling	2

Betting: 3 to 2 and 2 to 1 on Aeronaut; Papineau had the lead at starting, but made no way, as Aeronaut, hard held, followed fast in his wake, and to all appearance, notwithstanding he wore boots on all four pins, had the race completely at command. In this order they went round until they got under the city walls, when Tommy Lye let loose, shot ahead, and won by a neck.

The Tradesmen's Plate of 200 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; 10 sovs. ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; second to receive 25 sovs. out of the Stakes; to start at the Castle-pole, run twice round, and end at the coming-in-chair; 43 subs., of whom 11 paid 5 sovs. each, and 14 10 sovs. each.

Lord Westminster's br. h. Cardinal Puff, 5 yrs, 9st 3lb	Darling	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb	Templeman	2
Mr. Price's ch. f. Zillah, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	M. Jones	3
Mr. Ferguson's ch. h. Harkaway, 5 yrs, 10st	Calloway	0
Capt. Berkeley's br. h. Caravan, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb	Pavis	0
Capt. Lamb's ch. h. Chit Chat, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb	Conelly	0
Mr. Copeland's br. h. King Cole, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb	Marlow	0
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb	Lye	0
Lord Westminster's ch. c. Sir Ralph, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb	Holmes	0
Mr. Barrow's gr. m. Eaglet, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb	Nicholson	0
Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Van Buren, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb	Heseltine	0
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb	Chapple	0
Lord Normanby's b. m. Gipsey, 6 yrs. 7st 7lb	Cartwright	0
Mr. Meiklam's br. c. The Drone, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb	G. Whitehouse	0
Lord Miltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, 5 yrs, 7st	Neale	0
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Piccotee, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb	W. Jones	0
Mr. Mark Browne's b. c. Hopeful, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb	Pettit	0
Lord Miltown's gr. h. Argirio, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb	Bemetzreider	0

Betting: After the quotations given above, Zillah came a good deal into the betting at 5 to 1; King Cole and Caravan, just before the start, were stationary at 5½ to 1, Harkaway 6½ and 7; 13 to 1 agst Van Buren, 15 to 1 agst Sir Ralph, and 16 to 1 agst either Modesty, Cowboy, or Lugwardine; 20 to 1 was laid agst Cardinal Puff. The starting of 18 horses so near a corner as that which presents itself on the Chester course is no easy matter. All the jockeys were well aware of the advantage to be gained in the start, and consequently it was not until after four attempts that they managed to get well off. Zillah started very awkwardly, and laboured under considerable disadvantage on that account. Caravan, followed by King Cole and Cowboy, made first running, with the ruck well up, Harkaway being seventh or eighth next the rails: Gipsey and Modesty ran among the tail, the last joint of which in the start was Lord Miltown's Argirio. The first run round the course showed no great difference; in the second, Harkaway made an effort to reach the front, but soon fell back to his old place. Under the Castle Pole, King Cole abdicated, and some sharp racing followed between Caravan Zillah, and Cowboy. These three were "going their hardest," when the attention of the assembled thousands was attracted to Cardinal Puff, who had hitherto been kept in the waiting order; at the distance chair he was third, another moment placed him second, the whips went to work, and after a slashing struggle he won by not more than half a length, with nothing to spare. In going the first time round Lugwardine was struck by some of the horses, and pulled up lame. The stakes were worth about £800, and the Chester people are not a little proud it has gone to Eaton Hall. Several fifties had been laid agst the winner.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Stand Committee, for horses that never won before the day of entry for the Plates; heats, two miles, 7 subs.

Mr. Denham's b. f. by Emancipation, out of Miniature, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb	G. Whitehouse	1	2	1
Mr. Smith's ch. c. The Pedlar, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Marlow	0	1	2
Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, by Margrave, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	Pettit	0	0	dr
Mr. Harker's gr. c. Colchicum, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	Grey	0	0	dr
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	Lye	2	dr	
Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Barboni, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Templeman	3	dr	
Capt. Lamb's ch. c. Nimrod, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Conelly	0	dr	

This race was decided in three well-contested heats; the first by half a length, and the second and third cleverly. The novelty of the day being over, it excited little interest in the betting.

TUESDAY, May 7.

Generally speaking, the second day's racing at Chester is not so attractive as the others, it being looked upon as a sort of "rest day" between the Plate and Cup race. Some hundreds of yesterday's muster, who did not succeed in obtaining conveyances last night, left the City this morning for Liverpool. The attendance on the Grand Stand was not so numerous, yet, what was wanted in numbers was, in great part, made up by the respectability of the company. The following is a return of the sport:—

The Late Stand Cup, value 100 sovs. the gift of the Hon. E. M. LL Mostyn, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three year olds to carry 6st 4lb; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st 3lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; one mile and a quarter; ten subs.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. h. Harkaway, 5 yrs	Calloway	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Gasparoni, 4 yrs	Templeman	2
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, Own Bro. to Tom, 3 yrs, (carried 6st 12lb)	G. Whitehouse	0
Mr. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, 4 yrs	M. Jones	0
Mr. Ogden's br. c. Harpurhey, 4 yrs	Marlow	0
Capt. Lamb's ch. c. Chit Chat, 5 yrs	Conelly	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Harkaway, 15 to 6 agst Pops, 4 to 1 agst Gasparoni, 5 to 1 agst Chit Chat, and 6 to 1 agst Harpurhey. After a false start Captain Pops led the van in double quick time, Chit Chat and Harkaway following nearly abreast the greater part of the race; on passing the bridge the three were together, but Pops immediately fell back, and Gasparoni got the second place. The run in was beautiful, Harkaway winning with difficulty by half a neck.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for three yr. olds, 7st 2lb; four, 9st 2lb; five, 10st; six and aged, 10st 5lb; thrice round.

Capt. Lamb's ch. c. Chit Chat, 5 yrs	Conelly	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Piccotee, 4 yrs	Darling	2
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, aged	Templeman	0
Mr. R. S. Johnstone's br. h. Job Trotter, 6 yrs	Marlow	0

Betting: 6 to 5 agst Catharina, 3 to 1 agst Chit Chat, 5 to 1 agst Job Trotter, and 8 to 1 agst Piccotee. Piccotee made play at starting, but after running a short distance was headed by Job Trotter, who, in his turn, received the go by from Chit Chat, on passing the bridge in the last time round. In turning the corner the three came together, and a sharp and well-contested race followed, Chit Chat winning by a head only.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two year old colts, 8st 5lb; and fillies, 8st 2lb; half a mile; nine subs.

Mr. Fowler's b. c. by Saracen—Minikin	Dodgson	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. Susanetta, by Battledore	Templeman	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. Jenny Jones, by Birdcatcher	Darling	0
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Cornuto, by Actæon—Scandal	Lye	0
Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. The Rose of Maelor	M. Jones	0
Mr. T. Walters's ch. f. The Rose, by Priam, out of Malibran	Marlow	0
Capt. Lamb's b. c. Bro. to Enterprise by Belzoni	Conelly	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst The Rose, 3 to 1 agst The Rose of Maelor, 3 to 1 agst Fowler's colt, and 4 to 1 against any other. The Rose of Maelor went off with the lead to the Castle pole, where she was collared by Susanetta and The Rose by Priam, who took up the running, but were headed, after a beautiful race from the distance-chair, by the Saracen colt, at a few yards from home, and defeated cleverly by a neck; Jenny Jones, who lost several lengths at starting, being a good third.

Sixty Guineas (clear), the gift of the Members for the City, for three and four year old colts and fillies; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, Own Bro. to Tom, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	G. Whitehouse	1	1
Mr. Meiklam's br. c. The Drone, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	Templeman	2	dr
Mr. Price's b. f. The Lady Abbess, 3 yrs, 7st	Neale	0	dr
Mr. Ogden's b. c. St. Leonard, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	Bond	0	dr
Capt. Lamb's br. c. Speed, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb	Stag	0	dr
Mr. M. Brown's ch. f. by Irish Blacklock, 3 yrs	Pettit	0	dr
Mr. Standbank's ch. f. by Tramp, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb	W. Jones	0	dr

Betting: 2 to 1 agst The Drone, 3 to 1 agst Lady Abbess, and 4 to 1 agst St. Leonard. First heat: Charley took the lead, was never headed, won it cleverly, and walked over for the second.

WEDNESDAY, May 8.

The weather was again truly beautiful, and a very large assembly of fashionables honoured the Grand Stand by their presence.

The first race was for—

The Dee Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; Derby weights; to start at the Castle-pole, go once round, and finish at the coming-in chair; seven subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Apothecary, by Physician	Templeman	1
Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Recorder, by Langar	Holmes	2
Mr. T. Walter's ch. c. Sir Mark, Bro to Rococo	Marlow	3
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Dulcimer, by Muley	M. Jones	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. Owen Swift	Darling	0

Betting; Sir T. Stanley's colt was the favourite, being freely backed at 7 to 4 agst the field, 4 to 1 agst the Recorder, 4 to 1 agst Dulcimer, 5 to 1 agst Sir Mark, and 6 to 1 agst Owen Swift. After a turn round, owing to Owen Swift not getting well off, Sir Mark made play till they first passed the winning chair. The Recorder then took up the running, and on passing the ship-yard, looked like a winner. Apothecary kept at a respectful distance until they got in front of the bridge, when he went to the front, and soon after took the lead. A sharp run in followed, the first and second horses being pretty nearly abreast along the front of the city walls. To the lookers on it was a matter of doubt as to which was the winner, but the judge decided in favor of Apothecary by a head. Sir Mark ran a good third, and was placed.

The Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; twice round and a distance; three year olds, 6st 10lb; four, 8st 5lb; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; a winner of the value of 100 sovs., in either plate or specie, once, to carry 3lb; twice, 5lb; and thrice, 7lb extra; if walked over for, the Cup will not be given; 13 subs.

Lord Westminster's br. h. Cardinal Puff, 5 yrs	Darling	walked over

The first inquiry this morning was whether or not Harkaway would start for the Cup, or, more properly speaking, for an elegant silver salver, given by the Stand Committee. Some declared him not to be in a condition to run, and the then doubts that existed were not finally settled until such times as Calloway, Mr. Ferguson's jockey, appeared in the weighing-room, and positively stated that he had received instructions to weigh, and that the horse was to run. After this the betting was confined to Cardinal Puff and Harkaway, and the Irish horse was backed very freely; he had also been coupled in several double bets with The Apothecary. On the bell ringing for saddling, Calloway was the first jockey weighed, and next came Darling, the rider of the winner. All the other horses were drawn, and expectation was on the tip-toe to see the race at even weights between the winner of the Trades' Cup and the heretofore best horse in England and Ireland. The Cardinal, after coming out, waited some quarter of an hour for Harkaway, who was being walked about the middle of the course ready for saddling. After the bell had rung for starting, in order to prevent the shadow of a mistake, a message was sent to the Harkaway party to say, that the Cardinal was waiting at the post ready to start. It was then—and not till then—officially announced that Mr. Ferguson did not intend to let Harkaway go. Various motives—and some of them none of the best—have been assigned for this apparently strange proceeding. Both Zillah and Cowboy would have had a run for the Cup had this "untoward" event not have happened. We expect that one of these days Mr. Ferguson will get himself drawn through a horse-pond; the Doncaster affair ought to have cured him.

The Cestrian Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Town Council; second to receive 10 gs. gift of the Chester Victoria Rowing Club Committee; three year olds 6st 10lbs; four, 8st 3lb; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the beaten horses in the Maiden Plate allowed 7lb; horses not thorough bred allowed 10lb; a winner of 100 sovs. previous to the time of starting, to carry 3lb; twice, 5lb extra; heats, once round and a distance; four subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Barboni, 5 yrs	Lye	0	1	1
Capt. Lamb's ch. c. Nimrod, 4 yrs	Conelly	1	0	2
Mr. W. Denham's b. f. Query, 4 yrs	G. Whitehouse	2	0	0
Mr. James's ch. g. by Corinthian, dam by Seducer, out of a half bred mare, 5 yrs	W. Jones	0	2	0

First heat.—Betting: 6 to 5 on Query, 5 to 2 against Barboni, and 3½ to 1 against Nimrod. Query led off at a fair pace to the distance, Nimrod then challenged her, and won cleverly by a length. Second heat.—The ch. g. took the lead to the distance, where Barboni went past him and won easily. Third heat.—Nimrod led to near home, when he was beaten without a struggle.

THURSDAY, May 9.

The morning showed for rain, and just before the clearing of the course for the first race, a gentle shower fell. It evidently *damped* the spirits of those on the course, and kept many, who would otherwise have been present, "at home."

The Beeston Castle Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the gentlemen of Cheshire and the Principality; one mile and a half; eight subs.

Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb	Chapple	1
Mr. Kent's b. h. Vernal, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb	Lye	2
Mr. Price's ch. f. Zillah, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb	Conelly	8
Mr. Dickston's b. h Anvil, 5 yrs, 7st	Dodgson	0
Lord Milltown's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, 3 yrs, 6st	J. Dunn	0
Mr. Ogden's b. c. St. Leonard, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb	Bond	0

Betting: Zillah was the favourite, and, from her running on Monday, her friends were disposed to look upon her winning as pretty certain; 3 to 2 were the greatest odds laid agst her, 3 to 1 agst St. Leonard, and 4 to 1 agst Anvil. In the start St Leonard got very badly off; Anvil had the lead, Lugwardine second, Lord Milltown's colt third, and Zillah, until they got past the stand the first time round, was content with about the fifth place. They went all pretty well together. At the bridge Vernal and Zillah made a rush, and the three first horses came round the last turn close together. A beautiful race followed; when near home Lugwardine went in front, and won by rather more than a length.

The Marquis of Westminster's Plate, value 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; thrice round the course; three year olds to carry a feather; four, 8st; five, 9st; six and aged, 9st 4lb; eight subs.

Capt. Berkeley's br. h. Caravan, 5 yrs	Conelly	1
Mr. Ferguson's ch. h. Harkaway, 5 yrs	G. Calloway	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, 5 yrs	Templeman	3

Betting: Cowboy the favorite at 5 to 4; 3 to 2 agst Harkaway, and as much as 5 to 1 agst the winner. For the first few strides after starting, Harkaway led, but soon gave up to Cowboy; Caravan ran last. They proceeded close behind each other at a little more than a canter, in this order, the first time round; Calloway apparently holding in his horse. The pace was mended in the second time round, and Cowboy continued to increase the speed until they got to the bridge; soon after they came close together. Harkaway, in coming up the course the last time, got ahead, but kept it only for a moment, as Caravan made a rush, passed him, and won a well-contested race by a neck. Harkaway evidently did his *best* in this race. The result must have been a great mortification to his owners, but to all others present except those who lost money on the race, a matter of considerable gratification.

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the citizens; heats, the Grosvenor course; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., if demanded, &c.; 7 subs.

Mr. Price's b. f. The Lady Abbess, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	Stag	3	2	1	1
Mr. Mostyn's b f. Wonder, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Darling	0	1	2	2
Mr. T. Walter's ch. m. The Fairy, 5 yrs, 8st 9lbs	Marlow	1	3	3	3
Mr. Frost's br. f. Viola, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (6st 13lb)	Bemetzreider	2	0	dr	
Mr. W. Barrow's ch. f. Fairplay, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Dodgson	0	0	dr	
Mr. Simpson's ch. m. Restore, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb	Templeman	0	0	dr	

There was but little betting on this race, the Fairy and the Lady Abbess jointly commanding the place of favourites agst the field. In the first heat the race was merely contested between the Fairy and Viola, the others being content with saving their distance. The second heat was well-contested between Wonder, the Fairy, and the Lady Abbess, the latter ridden by a diminutive lad, without either whip or spur. In the third heat Lady Abbess took the lead and kept it, and in the fourth, although closely pressed by Wonder, won, to the surprise of many, by a head. Young Stag was much praised for the manner in which he rode, and on dismounting was greeted with hearty cheers.

FRIDAY, May 10th.

The Course was rather thinly attended to-day in comparison to the company present earlier in the week.

The Palatine Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year old colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 2lb; to start at the Castle-pole; go once round, and finish at the coming-in-chair; 7 subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Apothecary, (allowed 3lb)	Templeman	1
Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Recorder, by Langar (allowed 3lb)	Holmes	2

Apothecary was the favorite at 10 to 6. Recorder took the lead at a slow pace, with the Apothecary three lengths behind. At the back of the Course the pace was mended, without Recorder improving his position. At the Castle-pole they were level, and the Recorder, after a vain attempt to regain the lead, was beaten easy.

The Chester Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added by the Citizens of Chester, 10 sovs. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.; second horse to save his stake; two miles; 16 subs.; 4 of whom declared.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Gasparoni, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	Templeman	1
Capt. Healey's ch. g. Van Buren, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb	Heseltine	2
Capt. Lamb's ch. h. Chit Chat, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb	Marlow	0
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Tom, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb	Whitehouse	0
Mr. Edge's ch. c. Bilboa, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb		0
Lord Milltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, 5 yrs, 6st 8lb		0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Gasparoni, 5 to 2 agst Van Buren, 5 to 1 agst Chit Chat, 5 to 1 agst Tom, 6 to 1 agst Cruiskeen, and 7 to 1 agst Bilboa. Cruiskeen led a short time, and then gave way to Chit Chat. At the Judge's chair the speed increased, and soon after Cruiskeen was again the leader, the others were all well together. At the Castle pole, a general challenge took place, and the lot came up the Course pretty nearly abreast, Gasparoni winning by half a length, after a fine race.

The Roodee Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 sovs. added by the Stand Committee for three year olds that have run during the week; to start at the Two year old Post, go once round and in.

Mr. W. Scott's b. f. Fame, 7st 4lb	Lye	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Peter Parley, 7st	Lund	2
Mr. Moyston's b. c. Papineau, 7st 10lb	Jones	3
Mr. T. Walter's ch. c. Sir Mark, 8st 2lb		0
Capt. Lamb's b. c. Speed, 7st 6lb		0
Lord Milltown's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, 7st 2lb		0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Fame, 5 to 1 agst Sir Mark, 5 to 1 agst Peter Parley. Peter Parley took the lead, Speed running second, and Papineau third. At the Foundry, Fame was first, and the running was carried on in earnest. Speed soon gave up, and Papineau was never able to "better himself." The race home was between the three placed. Fame winning cleverly by a length; Papineau was several lengths behind Peter Parley.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

The inhabitants of Newmarket have little cause to congratulate themselves on the patronage bestowed on this meeting; not even the Rowley Mile Plate, which has brought out Phosphorus, Lapdog, and other Derby winners, could attract the frequenters of Hyde-park corner—"Epsom was so handy, the Derby so near, and the list so meagre," that nineteen out of twenty determined to remain in town and proceed with their speculations on the great event now so near its consummation. A doubt may perhaps be started as to the policy of continuing this meeting, which has been progressively diminishing in attraction for some years, and frequently clashes either with Chester or York; its four plates, and the town subscription, which will be large, added to the Derby meeting, would make the latter highly interesting; it would then be worthy the attention of the proprietors of race-horses, would hold superior inducements to the public to attend it, and by being lengthened a day or two, would make it profitable to the town.

After what we have already said, it is almost unnecessary to state that the attendance of sporting people was wretchedly thin, and that it would be absurd to give a list of the fashionables; the ring was unusually small, and the betting in accordance with its size. The only redeeming item in the account was the weather, which was as warm as in the middle of summer.

The racing came off as follows:—

TUESDAY, April 30.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds and upwards; D.M.; 4 subs.

Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb	Conelly	1
Lord Tavistock's Gimcrack, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb	E. Edwards	2
Lord Exeter's f. by Redgauntlet—Palais Royal, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb	Pettit	3

Betting: 2 to 1, 7 to 4, and, finally, 5 to 4 on Mendizabel, and 3 to 1 agst. Gimcrack.—Mendizabel jumped off with the lead, which, after running two hundred yards, he resigned to Gimcrack; the latter retained it on sufferance into the cords, where Mendizabel dispossessed him of it, and won easily by half a length. Lord Exeter's filly was beaten a long way from home.

A Plate of £50 for three year old colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 4lb; R.M.

Duke of Grafton's Courier	Nat
Mr. Thornhill's f. Merganser	Conelly

The following also started but were not placed:—

Lord Exeter's Express (Mann)
Mr Tarleton's ch. c. by Count Porro, dam by Carbon (Perren)
Col. Peel's c. by Longwaist, out of Heron's dam (Pavis)
Lord Lichfield's c. by Actæon, out of Wings (Wakefield)
Mr. Wigram's b. f. sister to Margaret Ramsay (W. Boyce)
Mr. Rush's b. f. sister to Pickwick, by Camel (Robinson)
Mr. J. Robinson's bl. c. Hamlet, by Camel (Wheatley)

Betting 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Merganser, and 4 to 1 against Courier (taken). Courier made the greater part of the running, Merganser and the Wings colt lying up to the cords, where Wings retired, and sister to Pickwick took third place; Merganser now went up to Courier, made a good race with him till within a few yards of the chair, ran out from distress, and was beaten by a neck. Sister to Pickwick was a bad third, the Wings colt and Express next, Col. Peel's and Mr. Tarlton's behind them, and Hamlet last—the white jacket of his veteran jock was in the rear early in the race. Courier and Merganser ran the D.M. in the last meeting, the former receiving 20lb., and winning by three lengths: they now run the R.M. at even weights, and Courier wins by a neck.

WEDNESDAY, May 1.

There was one race only, viz:—

A Handicap Plate of £50 for three year olds and upwards, A.F.

Lord Tavistock's Gimcrack, 5 yrs, 6st 7lb	Cotton	1
Col. Peel's I-am-not-aware, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	Pavis	2

Betting: 7 to 4 on I-am-not-aware; (one bet of 7 to 4 was laid, by mistake, we believe, on Gimcrack.) Gimcrack made the running till near the bushes, where I-am-not-aware headed him and kept in front into the cords; here Gimcrack resumed his original position, and won cleverly by a length.

A few horses were put up for sale this morning, and the Duke of Portland's f. by The Colonel, dam by Reveller, out of Veil, knocked down for 24 guineas; the other lots excited no interest.

General Yates's Canute, while at exercise at 7 o'clock this morning, was taken ill and died at 11 o'clock; the rupture of a blood-vessel is stated to have been the cause of death.

THURSDAY, May 2.

The Jockey Club Plate of £50, to be run for by horses the property of members of the Jockey Club; four year olds, 7st 2lb; five, 8st 3lb; six and aged, 8st 9lb; B.C.

Lord Exeter's Adrian, 5 yrs	Robinson	1
Mr. Thornhill's Egeria, 5 yrs	Conelly	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Adrian, who made play at his best pace, was never headed, and won easy by a length.

£50 for three year olds, 6st 2lb; four, 8st; five, 8st 7lb; six and aged, 8st 12lb; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded; T.M.M.

Duke of Grafton's Drogheda, 3 yrs	A lad	1
Mr. Thornhill's Egotist, 3 yrs	A lad	2
Mr. Batson's Barbican, 3 yrs	E. Manning	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Duke of Portland's St. Peray, 4 yrs (Nat)
Lord Exeter's f. by Reveller, out of Amima, 3 yrs (Nunn)
Mr. Edwards's f. by Agreeable—Green Leighton's dam, 3 yrs (Cotton)
Lord Stradbroke's Io, 3 yrs (lad)

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Io, 3 to 1 agst. St. Peray, 5 to 1 agst. Drogheda, and 5 to 1 agst. any other. The lot got away in good style, with the exception of Lord Exeter's filly, which contented itself with an unpretending position in the rear; St. Peray made the running to the ditch, when he retired into the crowd, and Io took his place. No material change occurred till near the cords, when, instead of close, it became a very open, order of running; Io and the Agreeable filly dropt off, and St. Peray cut it immediately after. On entering the cords, Drogheda and Egotist singled themselves fairly out, and ran a pretty race to the chair, the filly carrying off the prize by a head only; Barbican was beaten about two lengths, and St. Peray was fourth.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds and upwards; 5 subs.; T.Y.C.

Lord Tavistock's All-Fours, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	Cotton	1
Lord Exeter's Corban, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb	Mann	2
Mr. Thornhill's Saintfoin, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	Conelly	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on All-Fours, 2 to 1 agst. Corban, and 4 to 1 agst. Saintfoin. Corban laid in front to the cords, where his companions joined company, and then ran nearly abreast halfway up to the cords; All-Fours then shot ahead, and won cleverly by a length.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two year old colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies, 8st 4lb; 3 subs.; T.Y.C.

Mr. Rayner's Ten-Pound-Note	Robinson	1
Lord Stradbroke's Miss Romer	Nat	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. Raymond	Conelly	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Ten-Pound-Note, who made all the running, and won very easy by a length.

Agriculture.

THE GARDEN.

Now spring the living herbs, profusely wild
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes;
Whether he steal along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest rank,
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burst his blind way; or climb the mountain rock,
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow;
With such a liberal hand has nature flung
Their deeds abroad; blown them about in winds;
Innumerous mixed them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.—THOMSON.

The following article, from an English publication, may be a little late in some respects, but will yet be found useful in some parts of the country.

We cannot do better than this week give a few general directions for the management of plants in rooms, as such comes within the reach of a very large class of readers to whom other means for the gratification of gardening taste are not available. This is a subject attended with considerable difficulty, every genus requiring some variation both in soil, water, and general treatment. If the room where the plants are intended to be placed, is dark and close, but few will ever thrive in it; if, on the contrary, it is light and airy, with the windows in a suitable aspect to receive the sun, plants will do nearly as well as in a greenhouse; but if they are observed to suffer, the effects may be generally traced to one of the four following causes:—want of proper light and air, injudicious watering, filthiness collected on the leaves, or in being potted in unsuitable soil.

1st. Want of proper light and air is perhaps the most essential point of any to be considered; for however well all other requisites are attended to, a deficiency in either of these will cause the plants to grow weak and sickly. Let them always be placed as near the light as they can conveniently stand, and receive as much air as can be admitted, when the weather will allow; indeed those persons who have no other conveniency than the house to keep them in, will find that they derive immense advantage from being, during fine weather, in spring and autumn, turned out of doors in the evening, and taken in again in the morning—the night dews contributing greatly to their health and vigour.

2d. Injudicious watering does more injury to plants in rooms than many persons imagine. To prevent the soil ever having a dry appearance, is an object of importance in the estimation of many; they therefore water to such an excess that the mould becomes sodden, and the roots consequently perish. Others, to avoid this evil, run exactly into the opposite extreme, and give scarcely sufficient to sustain life.

The best plan is always to allow the soil in the pot to have the appearance of dryness (but never sufficient to make the plant flag), before a supply of water is given, which should then be pretty copious, but always empty it out of the pan or feeder in which the pot stands, as soon as the soil is properly drained. The water used for the purpose ought always to be made about the same temperature as the room in which the plants grow: never use it fresh from the pump; either let it stand in a warm room all night, or take the chill off by adding a little warm water to it, or the growth of the plants will be much checked.

3d. Filthiness on the leaves may either arise from insects or dust; the former may be speedily remedied, by placing the plants under a hand-glass, or anything that is convenient, and burning some tobacco until they become well enveloped in the smoke; and the latter may be removed by occasionally washing them on the head with pure water, either by means of a syringe, the rose of a watering pot, or with a sponge, when the filth still adheres.

4th. Being potted in unsuitable soil is by far the most difficult part of the business to rectify, for no certain line can be drawn, unless each genus was treated on separately; but a few general remarks, which will be found to be pretty correct, must suffice.

All plants whose branches are fragile and slender, and roots of a fine thready fibrous texture, with general habits like the heaths, will require two-thirds peat, and one-third sand, and very similar treatment to Cape herth. Those whose wood and habits partially differ, and whose roots are of a stronger texture, as acacia, will require a portion of sandy loam, in many cases about equal parts; and where the habits, &c., differ materially from the heath, only a small portion of peat earth will be required, and a compost may be made a little rich, by the addition of well-rotted dung. Shrubby and herbaceous plants, with luxuriant roots and branches, several species of myrtles, jasmines, &c., require rich loam, lightened with leaf soil, without any portion of peat. Plants with powerful roots and slender heads, as the veronica, require a light sandy soil, mixed with a small portion of leaf mould and very rotten dung. At the time of potting, lay plenty of broken pot shreds always at the bottom of each pot, to give a good drainage.

Succulent plants of all descriptions require very little water, and in general are very easily managed in rooms; many of them thrive in a mixture of sandy soil and lime rubbish, as the aloe, cactus, &c.; others grow well in a mixture of peat and loam, as the mesembry, anthemum, &c. Aquatic plants generally do well in a mixture of peat and loam, and consequently require to be constantly kept in a wet state; indeed, the best way is to place the pot in a deep pan or feeder, which should always be kept full of water. Bulbs of most sorts flourish in rooms with less care than most other kinds of plants. If the above precautions be attended to, plants may be brought to nearly, if not altogether, as much perfection as in a greenhouse.

The flower-garden, pleasure ground, and shrubbery, should now have all necessary articles for sowing and planting of flowers, shrubs, trees, &c., completed, and all parts put into the neatest order by digging, hoeing, raking, sweeping, rolling, mowing, &c.

In the kitchen garden all sowing and planting omitted last month in the main crops, should be finished early in this; also the sowing, planting, transplanting, &c., many successional crops of plants that are but of short duration in perfection, will be required.

Sowing may still be successfully performed in most of the principal crops, both in the open ground and in hot-beds, in the main crops of several sorts, such as onions, leeks, parsnips, carrots, lettuce, celery, cabbage, savoys, broccoli, &c.

Sow melons in a hot-bed, to ridge out under hand-glasses next month.

Plant a large crop of French beans, and choose for them a dry, warm border. Plant cuttings of sage and other aromatic plants. Sow marrow-fat peas, and plant some beans for a late crop.

Prepare dung for making ridges to receive the cucumber and melon plants designed for bell or hand-glasses.

Sow young salading once in ten days, and sow some cos and Silesia lettuce.

The seeds of all kinds being in the ground, look to the growing crops, clear away the weeds among them, and dig up the earth between the rows of beans, peas, and all other kind that are planted at distances. This gives them a strong growth, and brings them to perfection. Top early beans in blossom, it makes them set sooner, and more abundantly.

Hand-weeding will be necessary in beds of small plants, which always perform in proper time, before tho weeds advance considerably.

Draw up the mould to the stalks of the cabbages and cauliflower plants, and in cold nights cover the glasses over the early cucumbers and melons.

In the orchard and fruit garden complete all intended planting, and finish all remaining winter pruning as soon as possible, and give occasional waterings to new planted trees; finish all grafting; defend tender wall fruit from frost; and, in some sorts of wall trees, commence summer pruning, by displacing useless shoot-buds of this year's production.

Thin apricots upon the trees, for there are usually many more than can ripen, and the sooner this is done the better the others succeed.

Plant cuttings of vines, and look over the growing ones. Nip off improper shoots; when two rise from the same eye, always take off the weakest.

Weed strawberry beds, cut off the strings, stir the earth between them, and once in three days water them.

Dig up the earth in the borders near fruit trees. Never plant any large kind of flowers or kitchen plants upon them.

Caterpillars appearing in the webs on fruit trees, clear off before they animate and overrun the general branches, and devour the leaves.

Some observations we had prepared on green-houses in houses, which for want of space we have deferred to the next week. We will conclude with the poet Gay:—

"The insect youth are on the wing
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded train,
Quick glancing to the sun."

PERSIAN STANDARD OF BEAUTY.

The ladies of Bagdad appeared to us to enjoy the same liberty of action as those of Tabriz; and were equally desirous of showing their beauty. When they ride through the streets, they wrap themselves up in large silken chaders of various gaudy colours, and obscure their pretty faces with thin horse-hair veils, which fasten to the temples by two silver clasps. They also wear the yellow *hessian* boots, the slipper, and the trowser, of course. The veil should never be raised in the public street; though, how often are the laws of decorum transgressed, especially when they exchange *doux yeux* with the Franks. They consider their dress a very disagreeable one as compared to the costume of European ladies, and have long since voted a change, which, however, the Turks will not permit. It certainly must be a most uncomfortable garb for practising "equitation" especially when we remember that all these ladies ride not only *en cavalier*, but *a la planchette*. Of all the women I have seen in this and other large Asiatic cities, the Persian are, in my opinion, the prettiest; and. although travellers extol the beauty of the Circassian ladies, I can affirm they do not approach the Persian, with whom everything is the work of nature. A fine head of hair, which often reaches nearly to the ground, is the first care; the next point is the mouth—a woman to be thought pretty, *must* have "her mouth smaller than her eyes." This is a proverbial expression, and if not quite correct, is not far from it. With all their good looks, however, the face is rather too round, but in Persia this is greatly admired, for the Persians always compare a pretty face to the "full moon." (To be admired by the Persians, a woman *must* have the eyes of a gazelle, the waist of a cypress tree, and a face like the *full moon.* They do not paint, like many English ladies of my acquaintance, though they use a little soap to the cheeks, which is quite dry and innocuous in its effects, and which imparts a brilliant colour. I wonder they do not sell this "savon sans pareille" in London, for I am persuaded that Trufitt, Ross, or any other *artiste en cheveux*, would speedily make a fortune by the dowagers in Eaton and Belgrave squares *alone*. In the harems of many of the government officers here, there are both Georgian and Circassian ladies, as well as Turkish and Persian. As they have no opportunity of seeing the *Journal des Modes*, or the "World of Fashion," they can take no hints on the important subject of female costume. Their head-dress is, however, very becoming. It consists of a Cashmere shawl turban, wound up in as elegant a manner as Madame Devey could arrange it, and ornamented with pearls, rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones. The hair is plaited into several small tresses, some creeping through the folds of the turban, whilst others, *mignonnement engantelé*, recline upon the bosom. The rage for jewellery is such, that the wife of every poor artisan possesses some few amethysts and turquoise, or woe betide the unfortunate husband! Osmanlee ladies of rank have a fortune in jewels alone, besides many sets of valuable ornaments, such as gold bracelets, necklaces, clasps, studs, and buttons—a sight of which would drive Rundell and Bridge mad with envy. Embroidery is brought to great perfection by the ladies of the harems, and all articles of dress from Bagdad are highly prized throughout Turkish Arabia. The northern part of the town, which surrounds the palace of the Pasha, is inhabited solely by Turks, who, from extreme jealousy about their women, prevent all Franks residing in that quarter, which is appropriated to themselves alone.

Capt. Mijan.

Arab Women.—The women that we saw on the banks of this stream had the blue chemise descending below the knee, with a multitude of silver rings pending from the ears; and round their necks hung various coloured beads intermixed with silver coins. All of them wore their hair plaited like the thong of a whip, had tatooed chins, and some few were similarly marked between the eyebrows,and around the neck. A young Arab girl is not at all bad looking,but nothing can exceed the disgusting appearance of the old women. Both sexes use the "*kahel*" to their eyelids, and wear ajeebs or charms against all disorders and misfortunes. Those women who belong to the pastoral tribes never attempt to hide the face; it is only the fixed villagers who are so fastidious; and yet, I have seen these very damsels washing their clothes on the banks in perfect nudity; and, when surprised, have actually covered their faces with their hands, disregarding all other exposure. The abbahs of the men had white and brown stripes passing vertically down them; this cloak serves them by day and night, as they never unclothe. They make them of goat's or camel's hair; and, when a purchaser tests them, he fills them with water, and, should a single drop escape, after a duration of a quarter of an hour, he would reject them as being imperfect.

Capt. Mijan.

INFLUENCE OF THE STAGE.

There are few plays which contain a more applicable, though homely moral, than Lillo's old-fashioned tragedy of "George Barnwell," which is usually acted at those holiday times, when merchants' clerks and apprentices frequent the theatres. A remarkable instance of the efficacy of this play is recorded in the life of the celebrated actor, Ross. A young clerk, whose follies had placed him precisely in the situation of George Barnwell, having, by the influence of a wanton, defrauded his master of £200, was taken alarmingly ill, and in an interview with his physician, Dr. Barrowby, confessed the whole of the circumstances, from an impression created on his mind, by seeing Mr. Ross and Mrs. Pritchard in the principal characters of the tragedy. The doctor communicated the case to the youth's father, who paid the money instantly. The son recovered and became an eminent merchant and a good Christian. In a letter from Ross to a friend, dated 20th August, 1787, are these words:—"Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had, for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas and these words, *a tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged and saved from ruin*, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of *George Barnwell.*" Had Ross been a minister of the Gospel instead of an actor, he could scarcely have received a more convincing proof of the sound morality of his doctrine. During the run of the popular drama of "The Maid and Magpie, a servant girl in the gallery was so overcome by the natural pathos of Miss Kelly, that she cried out, "She's innocent—I stole the spoons, and they are in such a place." Many similar instances have been recorded, how

"'Guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.'

"Herodotus relates a striking incident of the effects of tragedy upon the Athenians. When Phrynichus produced a drama, called "The Captive of to Miletus," the whole theatre burst into tears, applying the subject to their own national calamities. They interdicted the future performance, and condemned the poet to pay a thousand drachmas. Alexander, tyrant of Pharæa, wept at a tragedy of Euripides, and wondered at the controlling influence of an art whose power could move the savage nature which had revelled without a feeling of remorse in cruelty and barbarism."

Great Match—$10,000 Aside.

The great match between Old Cowell and Sam for $10,000 aside, whole forfeit, to sing the "Rival Beauties," and repeat, came off at the Camp street course on Monday night last, and the great interest excited to see the trial between the two "*Cracks*," drew an immense crowd of spectators. The betting was nearly even, at least we could not learn to the contrary.

Condition. Both came up to the foot-lights apparently in tip top order. The old 'un, who had been winner in almost every struggle, had a self-satisfied grin upon his phiz, which gave his friends great confidence in his abilities, while the "young rascal" had a quiet smirk upon his rich comic frontispiece, which showed that he, too, was determined to go his entire face on the result.

The Start. Two or three ineffectual attempts were made at starting, in which the young 'un tried to get the advantage. They finally started at a signal from Cioffi, a good send-off by Kripps, the director, giving the old 'un the lead, which he kept entirely through the first verse. "Go it, old Joe," "Huzza for the old man," now resounded from all quarters. Thinking he had Sam easy, the old 'un became quite as a lamb. The other now threw in some of his broadest grins, brushed at Joe all through the second verse, neared him by a hard struggle, and at the conclusion of the last line was side and side. The shouts were now deafening. "Sam's got him, sure," might have been heard from the youngster's friends. In fact it was hard telling which would win, and not a soul present would have given a copper for choice. On entering the third stanza, the old 'un again let out ahead, gained on Sam perceptibly, and finally finished this brush exactly four lines in advance. In this way they went through the entire song, victory alternately perching upon either brow. Towards the close, and just as the old 'un was commencing his last verse, Sam began to look distressed, hauled up and withdrew himself, old Joe winning the heat by one verse. It was thought by some that if they had run another stanza, it would have been a dead heat, but we think the old 'un the best game of the two, having the advantage of age, experience, effect, &c.

Second heat.—At the termination of the first heat the applause from the spectators was tremendous; never have we heard such cheering. The old 'un was the favorite, and although the tune was not changed, the betting was, as the friends of Sam were fierce for hedging. Both cooled off well, and after the old man had taken a "little brandy and water with ice in it," and the youngster a "glass of soda, sarsaparilla syrup," they came up as good as new for the 2d heat. Sam got the advantage in the send-off this time and led, through the first verse, by permission of the old 'un. Here old Joe again struck in, came up to Sam with the greatest ease, and was face and face with him at the conclusion of the symphony. Throughout the second heat the affair was very nearly the same as on the first, the little 'un occasionally recovering his ground, although not able to hold it. He lost the heat, as before, by four lines, but lost no friends by it, as every body said that he held the old 'un a hard tug, and didn't "sing small" any way it could be fixed.

We give the following as the correct result of this interesting and never-to-be-forgotten match, as near as we could ascertain it. If there happens to be any error as regards weight or age, our only excuse is that we had no family registers or Fairbanks' patent scales handy:

MONDAY EVENING, May 21—Camp Street Theatre Course—Match for $10,000 aside, whole forfeit. Time between the heats according to circumstances. Distance, do.

Geo. Holland's c. a.[*] Imp. *Old Joe*, 49 yrs., 154 lbs. and a half.......... 1 1
Old Joe's c. a. *Young Sam*, 19 yrs., 120lbs. and perhaps a little over.......... 2 2

Time, 15 or 20 minutes, allowing for the delay incidental while the applause, &c. &c. was going on.

HOG SPEARING IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the Sporting Department of the Era.—Sir: This is a branch of sport that ought not to be pursued by any person who cannot "bring his courage to the sticking point." He ought to be mounted on a good horse, and he, himself, a good horseman, or I would not give one farthing for his chance of getting off with a sound skin. On one occasion five gents went out on a hog hunting excursion to the village of Rhannaserge, a portion of country abounding in hogs, and other wild animals. Three of the party, together with their horses, were perfect novices, and the two knowing ones could plainly foresee that they would make a "mull" of the thing, when they came to encounter the enemy. An hour had elapsed before the beaters stirred a grunter from his lair, which was in a squat "Kurah" jungle, on the borders of a large "jeel" or pond. The horsemen all rode up to the spot, and the game made off at a heavy gallop, across a rice stubble, on to a spacious plain, his pursuers laying about ten to twelve yards behind him. They ran him about half a mile, when he began to blow, and turning short round, squatted upon his haunches, preparatory to his making his charge; here, one of the "griffins" who could not check his horse in time to avoid the onset, received, quite unprepared for it, the whole charge of the swine; the horse was severely maimed by the animal's tusks, on the near fore leg, and in the act of swerving, threw his rider.

The hog now turned upon him as he lay with his face and body to the earth, and began to rip up his clothes into ribbons. At this moment he was interrupted in his work by a second party, who knew better how to deal with him than the novice had done; he commenced "jobbing" the spear into him, and eventually succeeded in killing him.

During the course of the day several other pigs were started, but having taken to the heavy jungle, they put the enemy *hors de combat*. The last that was found was a noble animal of his kind; he was roused from a ravine, shrouded by the Mysore thorn, which affords very secure shelter for hogs. The party who was destined to encounter him was a "griffin," mounted on a grey galloway, which on seeing the swine advancing towards him, broke out of the line into full speed, and never stopped until he had plunged head foremost with his rider into a tank. This put a damper on the young pig-sticker, who never showed fight again. This choice bit of shikar afforded a splendid run, and was, after having made several ineffectual charges against his pursuers, eventually killed in a sugar-cane plantation, having previously broken the shafts of two spears, which had been delivered at him.

Owing to the sultry climate of India (Bengal in particular), the flesh of the wild hog is held in very little estimation by Europeans. The Hindoos and Musselmen abstain from it, on religious principles. The condition of the swine is spare and lean, and as it is difficult, from the excessive heat, to cause the meat to take salt, it is generally abandoned on the field, the tusks alone being preserved as tokens of triumph by veteran hog-hunters.

A Constant Reader of The Era.

Varieties.

A gentleman who took dinner with a friend on Thanksgiving day, was rather suddenly called upon to ask a blessing, when he spoke in the following manner "May our hearts be filled with gratitude to God, as this table is loaded with the fruits of his bounty: Amen." For a first attempt, and unpremeditated, this was not so bad.

Boston Times.

We once heard a very funny grace said over a thanksgiving dinner in New Hampshire. A wag of a chap, who knew or thought as little about asking a blessing as he did about the antiquities of the Choctaws, was requested to officiate over a fine thanksgiving dinner then smoking on the table. The delicious fragrance of a hot pumpkin pie was wafted to his nose on one side—that of a roast turkey on the other. He looked about, then shut his eyes, and slowly but firmly ejaculated "*Let us dive in!*"

N. O. Picayune.

Advantage of Lying.—When Napoleon took possession of Holland, he visited Dordt, and, as was usual with him, made numerous and minute inquirers regarding the imports and general commerce of the place. Amongst others, he addressed abruptly Mr. Gerrard Mauwrit, afterwards British Consul at Dordt, asking him, "Well, what number of windmills have we here?" "Five hundred, sire," was as inconsiderately and as abruptly answered. "And what number of cubic feet of timber arrive here annually?" upon which Mr. Mauwritz, as incorrectly but as promptly, named a round number. This smartness, which Napoleon took for intelligence, so much pleased him, that next day the Emperor's secretary waited upon Mr. Mauwritz with the order of the Legion of Honor, and a most complimentary letter. Mr. Mauwritz had previously been informed by a friend who knew Napoleon's temper, that he must not seem to hesitate, or even consider, when addressed or asked a question by the Emperor, but, right or wrong, speak frankly, boldly, and with confidence. Mr. Mauwritz took and profited by the hint; in fact, Napoleon had asked the burgomaster a question about the number of criminals annually convicted at Dordt, and while the magistrate was calculating and thinking, in order to answer correctly, Napoleon turned round upon his heel, and with rather a supercilious curl of the lip, suddenly asked, and was answered the questions above mentioned.

A few days ago a young man, Leopold Devereux, was awoke early in the morning by the visit of a gentleman of thirty-six or forty years of age, dressed with great care, and who smiled in the most amiable manner on entering, demanding if he had the honor of speaking to M. Leopold Devereux. He continued—"I am come, sir, for the person in question."

"What person, sir?"

"The widow of New Orleans, you know, sir."

"I do not understand you; there must be some mistake."

At this moment the door opened again, and another gentleman of the same age, and dressed with equal care, smiling also, advanced saying, "I am come, sir, for the widow of New Orleans." In the middle of a perplexed enquiry on the part of the young man, a fresh *inconnu* of the same age, the same toilet, and the same smiling appearance, arrived—"Have I the honor of speaking to M. Leopold Devereux? I come, sir, for the widow of New Orleans."

"Will you have the goodness, gentlemen, to inform me what may be the meaning of this mystification?" cried M. Devereux, out of all patience.

"Not at all a mystification, sir, read this paper, 'Les Petits Affiches,' and this article—'A widow of New Orleans, twenty-five years of age, and possessing 60,000 francs a-year, desires to marry again; she prefers a man who——'"

"And what have I to do with this widow?"

"'For further particulars, apply to M. Devereux, Rue de Buffauxt, No. 15.'"

Five other visitors arrived during this colloquy, and Leopold Devereux had all the trouble imaginable to defend his house from the invasion it was threatened with that day, and several succeeding ones. The porter was obliged to have recourse to the Garde Municipal; and, in spite of a most positive rectification inserted in the Petits Affiches, this army of suitors for the widow of New Orleans continued for nearly a week. It was simply a joke played off on M. Devereux, who, however, has not been able to find out the author of it.

The Emperor and the Peasant.—Napoleon, when travelling in Holland, after he had subdued it, one day visited the house of a peasant. The Emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-camp, when the following dialogue took place:—Aide-de-camp—Here comes the Emperor, (addressing himself to the Dutchman.) Peasant—What's that to me? Napoleon (entering the house)—Good morning, my good man. Peasant (taking his hat off, but retaining his seat)—Good morning. Emperor—I am the Emperor. Peasant—You? Emperor—Yes, I. Peasant—I am glad of it. Emperor—I will make your fortune. Peasant—I do not want for anything. Emperor—Have you any daughters? Peasant—Yes, two. Emperor—I will provide husbands for them. Peasant—No, I will do that myself. The conqueror of Marengo was so chagrined at this uncourteous reception, that he turned quickly on his heel and left the house.

How to Cure the Gout.—An occurrence, very many years since, took place near Clifton of gout cured by sudden terror and exertion. A returned nabob had been subject to the penalty of luxurious indulgence, and was a martyr to the gout, which disabled his hands and feet. He was, therefore, borne in a sedan-chair, when the tide was out, for air and exercise on the sands. My father often mentioned it. The tide ebbed and flowed at the rate of a horse gallop. The nabob's chairmen saw it coming in and were too much alarmed to regard aught but themselves. With a loud cry they set down their burthen, and fled for their lives. In vain the nabob shrieked to effect their recall, when impelled to exert his natural powers of mind and body, he forced open the sedan, and used such speed as to outstrip his competitors in the race for safety. The chair was, of course, dashed in pieces by the wall of waters; and the nabob, cured of his gout by counter-irritation, never more had occasion to depend on hireling bearers for exercise.

A Caution to Matrimonial Adventurers.—For some hours on the afternoon of Thursday last the village of Harrow-on-the-Hill was the scene of the greatest excitement, in consequence of the outrageous proceedings of the scholars at the celebrated seat of learning in that village. It appears that a gentleman residing in that neighborhood, being tired of a life of "single blessedness," resolved upon advertising for a partner in one of the London papers. That advertisement having attracted the observation of some of the wags of the school, they determined on playing the discontented swain a hoax, and accordingly directed a letter to the Post-office, in answer to the advertisement, making an appointment for the purpose of an interview at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon. At the hour appointed, the concoctors of the scheme proceeded to the spot, followed by a large party of the other boys, who remained in ambush, not to alarm the gentleman, who was punctual to the appointment. After he had remained there for some time, the prime movers in the affair began, as they passed, taunting him at her tardiness, when, at last, suspecting the trick, he began beating a retreat. The other boys followed, hooting him all the way until he took shelter in a plumber's shop. The boys instantly surrounded the house, and threatened to break the windows unless he was turned out, which the shopkeeper was ultimately compelled to do.

The gentlemen then took to his heels in the direction of the King's Head Inn, followed by the boys and others of a larger growth, making a crowd of 500 persons, pelting him with eggs, and knocking his hat over his eyes, so that by the time he entered the inn he was in a most pitiable plight, his coat having been literally torn from his back. Mr. Beasley, the landlord, by way of a *ruse*, sent a post-chaise to the front-door, round which the mob instantly congregated, but, after waiting about half an hour, they ascertained that the object of their search had made his escape from the rear of the premises. "Hark forward" was immediately the cry, and, after the whole assemblage had crossed several fields, they eventually ran down their game at the farm of a Mr. Clayton, about half a mile distant, where he had taken refuge in the coal cellar. Having demanded that he should be given up to them, and refused, they threatened to pull down the house, when the unfortunate man was brought forth from his hiding-place, and the mob were conducting him in triumph to the village, where they were met by the heads of the school and some of the principal inhabitants, who rescued him from further violence. There is no doubt the outrage will be made the subject of a judicial investigation.

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[*] Comic Actor.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, Va. - - Kanawha Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th June.
CLINTON, Ala. - - - - - Pactolus Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW YORK CITY - - Union Course, L. I., 2d Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
" " " Beacon Conrse, N. J., 2d Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th June.
TORONTO, U.C. - - - - Simcoe Chase Course, Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th June.
WHEELING, Va. - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

GOLD STAKE, LEXINGTON, Ky.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Fall of 1843, with colts and fillies to be dropped Spring 1840, two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $100 ft. Ten to make a race; to name and close Spring Meeting of the Kentucky Association 1839; the Association to give a Gold Cup of the value of $500.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Morrison Pindell & Geo. Trotter name the produce of Shepherdess, by Apollo, and Imp. Glencoe
2. Also, the produce of Sappho, by Goods' Arab, and Imp. Glencoe
3. A. D. Hunt & J. Morrison Pindell name the produce of Kitty Cade, by Rattler, and Imp. Glencoe
4. Also, the produce of Marcella, by Alfred, and Imp. Zinganee
5. Sam'l Shy names the produce of Nancy Shaw and Frank
6. Also, the produce of Lady Jackson and Frank
7. H. J. Daniel names the produce of Maria Louisa and Medoc
8. Also, the produce of Maria's dam and Frank
9. James L. Bradley names the produce of Margaret, by Sumpter, and Imp. Zinganee
10. Also, the produce of Belvoir, by Escape, and Imp. Zinganee
11. Also, the produce of Nell, by Orphan, and Uncle Fowler
12. Also, the produce of Hughes' Robin Grey mare, and Uncle Fowler
13. Thos. H. Hunt names the produce of his Orphan mare, full sister to the dam of Eliza Jenkins, and Imp. Glencoe
14. Also, the produce of Aunt Margaret, by Trumpator, out of the above mare, and Hickory John.
15. A. G. Morgan names Kansas, by Hickory John, dam by Trumpator
16. E. Warfield names the produce of Dr. E. Warfield's mare Rowena, and Imp. Hedgeford
17. Also, the produce of Dr. E. Warfield's bl. m. Susette, and Sir Leslie
18. Henry Clay, Jr., names the produce of Heads-or-tails and Imp. Glencoe
19. Also, the produce of Goldevine and Imp. Zinganee
20. W. T. Ward names the produce of Bertress, by Bertrand, and Waxy
21. Also the produce of Polly Smallfry, by Bertrand, and Robert Burns
22. Charles Buford names the produce of Butterfly and Imp. Belshazzar
23. Also, the produce of Rodolph's dam and Imp. Belshazzar
24. Junius R. Ward names the produce of Black Eyed Susan and Imp. Zinganee
25. Also, the produce of Missletoe and Imp. Zinganee
26. Also, the produce of Peggy Stuart and Singleton
27. J. G. Boswell names the produce of the Duchess of Marlborough and Imp. Hedgeford
28. Also, the produce of Gray Fanny and Imp. Hedgeford
29. Also, the produce of a Sea Serpent mare and Bertrand Jr.
30. Also, the produce of Grane's mare, by William, and Imp. Hedgeford
31. Also, the produce of Ferguson's Bertrand mare, (out of Davy Crockett's dam,) and Imp. Hedgeford
32. H. W. Farris names the produce of Martha Woods, by Trumpator, and Frank
33. Also the produce of Frances Ann, by Frank, and Mingo
34. J. W. Tisdale names the produce of John Quill and Mingo
35. James Lindsey names the produce of Rattlesnake and Imp. Hedgeford
36. Also, the produce of Stockings and Imp. Hedgeford
37. Thomas Buford (by Col. Buford) names the produce of Vanity, by Bluster, and Medoc.
38. Robert Moseby names the produce of Brown Mary, by Sumpter, and Mingo.
39. S. Davenport and J. G. Chiles name the produce of Althea, by Big Archy, and Mingo.
40. Also, the produce of Betsey Harrison, by Aratus, and Imp. Zinganee
41. Meredith R. Tarlton names the produce of a Gallatin mare, out of Woodpecker's dam, and Pacific
42. Also, the produce of the dam of Harrison, by Doublehead, and Woodpecker
43. John Cunningham and H. T. Duncan name the produce of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, and Woodpecker
44. Also, the produce of Jesse Cunningham's mare, by Potomac (dam of West Florida), and Woodpecker
45. Lewis K. Grigsby names the produce of the dam of Grayeller, by Bertrand, and Medoc
46. Also, the produce of the dam of Roanna, by Potomac, and Bertrand, Jr.
47. George E. Blackburn names the produce of Letitia, by Whip, and Mingo
48. Also, the produce of Amanda, by Doublehead, and Mingo
49. James K. Duke names the produce of Keph's dam and Medoc
50. Also, the produce of Cherry Elliott and Rodolph
51. Geo. & John W. Brand name the produce of Lady Adams and Medoc
52. H. B. Stute names the produce of Yarico, by Sumpter, and Mingo
53. Geo. N. Saunders (by Lewis Saunders) names the produce of Diamond and Wm. 4th
54. Also, the produce of Tolivia and Wm. 4th
55. Thos. Y. Young names the produce of Milly Lane, by Tarlton's Rolla, and Frank.
56. J. C. Mason names the produce of Sally Hornet and Frank
57. Robert Burbridge names the produce of Sarah Miller and Woodpecker
58. J. W. Fenwick names the produce of old Lady Fortune, by Brimmer, and Imp. Zinganee
59. Sidney Burbridge names the produce of his grey Pacolet mare, out of Jane by Whipster, and Rodolph
60. Also, the produce of Mary Bertrand and Mingo
61. Also, the produce of his Waxy mare, out of Jane, and Mingo
62. Also, the produce of Eliza Henry, by Cherokee, and Woodpecker
63. Francis R. Hunt names the produce of Calanthe, by Sumpter, and Medoc.
64. B. R. Jenkins names the produce of Sally Howe and Medoc
65. Also, the produce of Medoc mare Mary Bedford and Bertrand, Jr.
66. J. M. Estill & Remus Payne name the produce of Patience, by Hephestion, and Medoc
67. Richard Chiles names the produce of Eliza Jenkins, by Sir William, and Medoc
68. J. G. Chiles names the produce of Huntsman's dam and Mingo
69. Also, the produce of Eliza Tomlinson and Medoc
70. Thomas Kirkman names the produce of Imp. Gutty and Imp. Glencoe.

[June 8] J. M. PINDELL, *Sec'y.*

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
2. Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
3. John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
4. Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
5. Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
6. Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
7. John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
8. Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec.*

[june 8]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting will commence on the 2d Tuesday following the Fall Races over the Kendall Course. Purses, $1500, four mile heats; $1000, three mile heats; $600, two mile heats, &c. &c. One third of each purse is to go to the 2d best, if more than two start.

[june 8]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton
Henry A. Tayloe
Rich'd H. Long

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A. Tayloe
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
Col. Jas. Lankford
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
J. J. Burton
Henry W. Reese

[June1]

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.

THE subscription to the above Show will close on the 20th of this month. There are already a large number of entries—the get of Sarpedon, Shark, Emancipation, Tonson, Shakspeare, Gohanna, First Fruits, Profit, Goliah and others, to be exhibited on Thursday, June 20th, 1839, at which time the subscribers will elect the most experienced Judges from the different sections of the country, who will award premiums in Silver Plate to the first and second best colt, or filly, from both the one and the two year old stakes.

As this will be the first exhibition ever held in the United States *altogether* of thorough bred colts, the subscribers most respectfully invite all gentlemen to attend, who take an interest in fine horses.

There will be the most ample accommodation for visitors at the several Hotels, together with a large public dinner at 2 o'clock, by Col. George Rogers.

C. P. GREEN,
WM. TOWNES, } Committee.

Boydton, Va., May 15th, 1839.—[my 25th, 4t.]

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be insertedduring the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at StationCamp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R, Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus. at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq. at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom'

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season' pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T.Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE MAY and JUNE numbers of this Magazine are published this day (June 1st) from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times.*" This number is embellished with TWO SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL. Two beautiful VIGNETTES on the Cover. It contains Eight Sheets, or One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pages of letter press, on paper of the finest texture, and entire new type, cast expressly for the purpose. The Publishers submit the following list of the embellishments and contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

A FOREST JOUST, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Landseer, R. A.
FLY FISHING, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Cooper, R. A.

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This Magazine will be issued with punctuality on the 1st of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, at Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Orders and Communications to be addressed to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

June 1, 1839

TORONTO AND YORK COUNTY (U. C.) RACES.

THE City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting, over the *Simcoe Chace Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 19th of June, 1839, and continue two days.

Preses: Col. Mackenzie Fraser, Qr. Mr. Gen'l.

Stewards: The Hon. Sir Allan Napier MacNab; Col. Cox, P. S.; Col. Bullocks, Adj. G M.; Capt. Markham, 32d Regt.; The Sheriff, H. District; Lt. Meade, 43d Light Infantry; Chas. C. Small, Esq.; John Barwick, Esq.; Col. Sparke, 83d Highlanders; Major Magrath; Captain Arthur, A. D. C.; The Mayor of the City; Lt. M. Pipon, K. D. G.; Peter Buchanan, Esq.; Chas. W. Heath, Esq.

First day—The City Plate of Fifty Sovereigns, free for all horses; two yr. olds, a feather; three yr. olds, 6st 9lbs; four, 7st 9lbs; five, 8st 4lb; six, 8st 10lbs; and aged, 9st. Heats, two miles and a distance. Entrance, £5.

Same day—The Inn-keepers Plate of £50, for horses that never won Plate, Match or Sweepstakes, of the value of £50, at any time before the day of entry. Three yr. olds to carry 10st 7lbs; four, 11st 4lbs; five, 11st 10lbs; sx and aged, 12st. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen Riders, "Members of a Racing or Fox Hunting Club." Ent. £4.

Same day—A Jockey Saddle, for horses that never started for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Heats, once round. Post Entry.

Second day—The County Plate of Fifty Pounds, free for all horses; two yr. olds, a feather; three yr. olds to carry 7st 3lbs; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 13lbs; six, 9st 4lb; and aged, 9st 7lbs. Heats, once round and a distance. Winner of either of the first day's races, to carry 10lbs extra. Entrance, £4.

Same day—The Ladies Plate of £40, for horses bred in the Province, that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Heats, once round and a distance. Weight and Riders as for Inn-keepers Plate. Entrace, £3.

Same day—The Tally Ho Hurdle Sweepstakes, of £5 each, P.P. Free for all horses. Heats, once round and a distance. Weights and Riders as for Inn-keeper's Plate. To enter for this Race, on the evening of the first day's race.

Same day—A Jockey Saddle, for Ponies of 13½ hands high, and under. Heats, once round. Post entry.

Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Entrance for the Plates to be made and paid at the Ontorio House, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, P.M., on Monday before the Races, and the second horse in each of these Plates to save their entrances. Riders must turn out in full jockey style. Winners to pay five per cent. towards expenses.

JOHN MAITLAND, *Secretary.*

Toronto, April 23, 1839.—[June1]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

No. 1. *Anvil*, 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Picton's dam.
2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of Lilac's dam.
3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria)
4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.
6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.
7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in parvo [see Hon. Dan'l Jennifer's stock].
8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, and she out of Lady Teazle [see Col. Bowie's stock, of Maryland.]

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.
13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.
14. *Magnolia*, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan, pedigree in No. 6—stinted to Eclipse.
15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].
16. *Pontinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.
17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.
18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)
20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.
21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).
22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.
23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance.

All the above mentioned stock, not otherwise disposed of, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the Fall Meeting. Letters will be directed to me at New Orleans until 1st July, and after that time to Gallatin, Tenn. BALIE PEYTON.

[June1]

THOROUGH BRED STOCK FOR SALE.

The health of the undersigned, and that of his family, requiring a climate more congenial than Long Island, he has determined to dispose of his farm at Jamaica;—in which event he has no place for his blooded stock. He has mares, colts, and fillies of all ages, and of the different blood of Sir Charles, Eclipse, Henry, Barefoot, Trustee, and Gohanna; some of the mares are of the most desirable crosses, and purchased at a high price. They will be sold for *one half* their value, and if desired, a credit of twelve months given, if early application be made to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," who will be furnished with a catalogue numbering some 20, or 30, and give every information desired.

[my 25] ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Oakland Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 4th June next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; sub. $500 each, $100, Mile heats. Eight subs. and closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver names ch. f. *Mary Clifford*, by Medoc, out of Medoca by Doublehead.
2. W. T. Ward names ch. f. by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.
3. M. W. Dickey names b. f. *Roanah*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
4. J. K. Duke names ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, by Whipster.
5. Wm. Buford, Jr. names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter.
6. William Buford names ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Potomac.
7. W. W. Bacon names b. f. by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander.
8. M. W. Dickey names gr. f. *Gryella*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Bertrand.

Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $100, given by the Proprietor; for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required. Entries must be made, as to sweepstakes, directed to the Proprietor, to close the 20th of May. An entry failing to start must pay $20 forfeit, to go with the Plate. Four or more to make a race.

Second day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats. The entrance depending on the number of subs.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats To close the 20th of May next.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The great number of horses now in training in Kentucky, in addition to Mr. Garrison's stable from New Orleans, with the celebrated Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, Cippus, and others, will insure one of the most interesting race meetings that ever came off in the state. Mr McCargo's stable, with Billy Townes and others are expected. The Course, now one of the quickest and safest in the Union, is in the finest possible condition, and greatly improved since the Fall meeting. The Oakland House, under the management of Messrs. Van Vacten and Comstock, has been added to, refitted and newly-furnished. I can safely say it is inferior in point of comfort to none in the State. Stables and litter furnished race horses gratis.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Louisville, April 26.—[my4]

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4]

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX L BOTTS, Secretary.

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15½ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30-3m]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season? each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

BERNERS' COMUS.

THE *Imported Stallion*, BERNERS' COMUS will stand in 1839 at Boardma Huntsville, Ala., at $80, insurance $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation o being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING, 1839, will commence on Tuesday, 11th of June, instead of the 3d or 4th week in May.

First Day.—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for 3 yr. olds, bred in the State of Ohio Mile heats.

Same Day.—Proprietors' Purse, $100, free for anything, Mile heats.

Second Day.—Cincinnati Plate, splendid Tea Service, value $500; the amount of entrance governed by the number of subscribers.

Same Day.—A Post Stake, for 3 yr. olds, $100 each.

Third Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth Day.—Proprietors' Purse, $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fifth Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

Owing to the Sweepstakes (as proposed in the first advertisement) not being filled, the purses are differently arranged.

This beautiful Course will be in good order. The stables are excellent. The Brighton House, contiguous to the track, affords every accommodation gentlemen can desire, under the superintendence of Mr. H. Gates, a gentleman filling the station with much ability.

Cincinnati, May 17, 1839. [My. 25.] LEWIS SANDERS.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been x olle upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to pred mote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravier and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 25*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be ressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

jd1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000. J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered ***Sixteen Winners at all distances**, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3:52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree*.—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, ***The Alderman***, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No, 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

***Pennoyer* was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.**

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

***Pennoyer* was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one o his ore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.**

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—(J5-tf.]

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

***The Pedigree of Volney*.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON'S horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased.**

RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for whichrace she wuold have been trained, but his death made the entry void.

W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. MCCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

WHEELING RACES.

THE Races over the Wheeling Course, three miles from the city, immediately on the National Road, will commence on Tuesday, 25th June next, and continue five days.

First day—First race, for 2 yr. old colts, Mile heats, for a handsome Silver Pitcher, *to be given* by the Proprietors.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. Entrance $50, h. ft. To name and close on the 1st of June next.

Second day—Two mile heats for a *Splendid Sett of Cut Glass*, manufactured in Wheeling—cost $250. Entrance to be governed by the number of subscribers.

Third day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wheeling, March 30, 1839.
[a13-5t]

JNO. E. NORVELL, }
J. H. OLIVER, } Proprietors.

KANAWHA RACES, CHARLESTON, Va

THE Races over the Kanawha Course, situate about two miles from Charleston, and immediately on the Kanawha River, about 40 miles from its junction with the Ohio, accessable at all times by steamboats, will commence on the 5th of June next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, h. ft. Entries to name and close 1st of June.

Second day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. JNO. E. NORVELL,

Charlestown, Kanawha C. H., March 30, 1839.—[a13-5t] Proprietor.

GREENE COUNTY (Ala.) RACES.

THE Races over the *Pactolus Course* near Clinton, Greene county, Ala., will take place on the first Tuesday in June next, being the 7th, 1839, and first meeting.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300 each, h. ft. One subscriber; 3 or more to make a race.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, ent. $30, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50, free for ages.

Fifth day—Purse $300, ent. $25, with entrance money added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

JAMES D. McALISTER,
Clinton, Greene Co., March 20, 1839.—[a13-2m] EDWARD JOHNSON.

SALE OF VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder during the Spring Meeting at Louisville, (which commences June 4,) if not sooner disposed of, some of the very valuable blood stock of Maj. M. W. Dickey, dec. among which are the following:—

1. *Caroline Scott*, b. m. 7 yrs. old, by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, with a Luzborough foal at her foot. The racing performances of this fine animal, independent of the fact that she is the half sister of Grey Eagle, entitles her to rank as high as any mare in Ky.
2. *Little Wicked*, br. m. 7 yrs old, by Archy of Transport, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt foal by Imp. Skylark. This mare has produced a colt by Medoc, (*Red Rocket*,) which has been trained, and his success gives evidence of her superior qualities as a brood mare.
3. *Mary Howe*, gr. m. 11 or 12 yrs. old, by Tiger, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt by Grey Eagle. This mare has produced several racers, among others, *Archy Howe*, *Stephen Girard*, &c.
4. *The Captain*, a br. c. 3 yrs. old, full brother to Caroline Scott.
5. *Grey Eagle* will also be offered for sale. The propietors reserve the interest held by their former owner in the nominations of the last two colts.

Terms of sale, a credit of four months for negotiable paper. Extended pedigrees will be given on the day of sale. S. J. GANO and others.

[my11—4t]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

JOHN DAWSON AND CRAZY BILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 1, 1838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 8—For the Benefit of Miss CUSHMAN, on which occasion a Young Lady of this City will make her first appearance on any Stage, in the Tragedy of THE GENOESE; Montaldo, Miss Cushman; Laura, by a Young Lady—and other entertainments.

MONDAY, June 10—Last night but three of Miss TREE'S engagement; ION; Ion, Miss Tree—THE WEATHERCOCK; Tristram Fickle, Mr. Balls.

TUESDAY, June 11 Last night but two of Miss TREE'S engagement; THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM; Letitia Hardy, Miss Tree—THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN; Christine, Miss Tree.

WEDNESDAY, June 12—Last night but one of Miss TREE'S engagement; THE TWELFTH NIGHT; Viola, Miss Tree THE BARRACK ROOM; Clarissa, Miss Tree.

THURSDAY. June 13—Last night of Miss TREE'S engagement; THE HUNCHBACK; Julia, Miss Tree—SIMPSON & CO.; Mrs. Simpson, Miss Tree.

FRIDAY, June 14—Miss TREE'S Benefit, and last appearance in America; MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Beatrice, Miss Tree; after which Miss Tree will speak a poetical address.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 8 The opera of LA GAZZA LADRA, in which Miss SHIRREFF, Mrs. BAILEY, Mr. WILSON, Mr. SEGUIN, Mr. MORLEY, and Mr. HORNCASTLE will sustain the principal characters—To conclude with the MIDDY ASHORE.

MONDAY, June 10—For the Benefit of Mr. PENSON; the opera of LA GAZZA LADRA, in which Miss Shirreff, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Horncastle will perform. After which a popular piece, in which Mr. WALLACK will perform, (for this night only,) having kindly tendered his aid. During the evening the National Brass Band will perform several celebrated airs; with other entertainments.

TUESDAY, June 11—A Grand Opera, in which the vocalists will perform, with other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, June 12 For the Benefit of Mrs. BAILEY; a Grand Opera, with a variety of other entertainments.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE TO DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the professsion, that, in some degree to encourage native talent, he will give $100 for any successful new drama of not less than 2 acts, and one half the receipts of the house on the 6th night of representation—and $50 for a farce, and one third of the house on the 6th night of representation as above.

The strictest attention will be paid, and no expense spared, to give effect to all pieces produced. Address (post paid)

D. D. McKINNEY,
Olympic Theatre.

[my4tf]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The feelings which move the breast of every play-goer who essays to write of this house for the past week, must be those of mingled pleasure and regret—of pleasure, because of the re-appearance of Miss Tree—of regret, because of her immediate departure for England. Every performance is now regarded with the interest which an old favorite awakens after a long absence from her friends, united to the well-founded regret that one can but feel, when she, who now for several years, has been the "chiefest star" in the theatrical firmament, is so soon to leave us, perhaps never to return. No one wishes at this day to read a critique upon Miss Tree's chosen characters; her excellence has been often and often weighed, and it is only to fix yet more firmly in the memory the great points of her acting, that great and delighted houses have thronged to honor her in this her last engagement.

Miss Tree stands at the very head of her profession, not only in this country, but in England. She has now been in America three years, and her fame is more widely cherished here, than that of any actress who has preceded her. She has made extensive tours, and has as numerous and as warm admirers in New Orleans and St. Louis, as in Boston and New York. Her engagements have been uniformly brilliant, and she has earned not only the highest honors of her profession, but its most substantial rewards. Her friends will have an opportunity upon the occasion of her benefit next Friday, again, but for the last time, to manifest their admiration and their respect.

Madame Taglioni took her first benefit in America on Monday, and the house was crowded as it should be, as we were informed. It "rained cats and dogs" that night, and we therefore stayed at home and behaved ourselves. On the Saturday evening previous, they got up the masked ball from "Gustavus," at the Park, calling it a *ballet*. We shall hope to learn the meaning of this word in time, for if this entertainment were a ballet, we know not what is not. The Taglionis introduced some favorite dances into it, and received the loudest applause. But it is not in the *pas Styrien*, nor *Cacachuca*, that she shines with brightest lustre. We hope soon to welcome them back.

We saw the farce of "Tom Noddy's Secret" played here the other night, and awfully murdered. It provoked us the more, because we had been "bragging" upon the strength of the Park company in comedy, and had ventured to leave the decision entirely to the gentleman who "bragged" against us. We went over to the play, and lo! the farce, hitherto an acceptable one, was regularly massacred. Some "devilish good joke," which we could not understand, put all the company off their play save Placide, and the farce resulted in the most lachrymose of tragedies.

Mr. Jones put up his name for a benefit on Tuesday, and as we expected, the house was thin exceedingly. No fault of the singer, however, for he has no equal on the New York stage. It would be idle to seek causes for the failure of his benefit; all play-goers know them. Madame Otto appeared on the occasion, and sang better than we ever before heard her. She has won more than money in her Southern excursion.

Now that we are upon the subject of benefits, will the manager allow us respectfully to ask if a night may not be spared to Madame Augusta before her return to Europe, to receive once again the congratulations and applausé of her numerous friends, and upon that stage where she has achieved all her triumphs, and established her fame? The house would be crowded in every part, and the manager would oblige a great number of the admirers of Augusta, who will otherwise enjoy no opportunity of seeing her before she sails.

The National.—Mr. Wallack arrived in the Great Western on Saturday last. He played on Monday, *Tortesa*, in the play of that name by Mr. Willis, to a large and very friendly audience. He was called out upon the conclusion of the play, and announced several of the engagements which he had made abroad. We did not hear his address, but learn that Charles Kean, Vandenhoff and his daughter, and Alexandre, the ventriloquist, were announced. The National needed the return of its manager sorely, and has already felt the impulse which his popularity ever imparts. Blakeley took his benefit on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday the long expected "Gazza Ladra" was brought out. It was a fair hit, though no more. Mr. Penson has his orchestra and his chorus all right, and if there be any thing wanting, it is in the most prominent parts. Neither Miss Shirreff nor Wilson do more than justice to the music, but they get on well enough, and receive, particularly the lady, a sufficiency of applause. Mrs. Bailey and Seguin most distinguished themselves, and Mr. Morley sang the music of the *Podesta* far better than he did at the Park. But upon the whole, the opera was by no means so much better sang or appreciated in the leading points, than it was last winter at the Park. The house, however, presented an amazing contrast. A perfect array of beauty and fashion graced the boxes of the National, and all the seats were full, while at the Park, the entire audiences on some nights might have been crammed into the orchestra. There is no accounting for this caprice, but so it is. We trust Mr. Wallack will play it till all the frequenters of his house are thoroughly imbued with the music. It is decidedly the finest opera we ever heard, and gains upon our affections every time we listen to it.

By-the-way, Blakeley is a terrible fellow for *Isaac*, the pedlar. There is not much music in it, as we have heard the opera, but the little there is, is well worthy of being well sung. Mr. Horncastle is respectable in every thing he does; he assisted the opera powerfully. Mrs. Bailey looked and played at least ten times better than ever before; she *always* sings well.

Mr. Penson has a benefit on Monday. He deserves so well of the musical amateurs, and the friends of the National, that we claim for him at the least twelve hundred dollars in the house, if they can contrive to stow away so much.

But the benefit to which we would yet more particularly call attention, is that of Mrs. Bailey, on Wednesday next. She is a very charming woman, and a delightful singer. May she be rewarded for her incessant labours, by a well-filled and overflowing house.

Rooke's new opera has met with unqualified success in London, though we infer from much careful reading as to its character, that it is not esteemed so great a composition as "Amilie." There is a great probability that we shall hear the opera at one of our own theatres early in the coming September season, and our readers will therefore be gratified to hear something of it in advance. It is due moreover to the composer, who has contributed so much to our pleasure the last season by his first production, to extend his fame as far as possible. The annexed article is from the "Court Journal," though we have omitted altogether the plot of the opera, as it would not now be interesting.

The production of a new opera by Rooke [the composer of *Amilie*], and the first appearance of a new singer on the same night, proved an attraction of no trifling importance; and long before the curtain drew up on Thursday night the pit was crowded, and every other part of the house was well filled; in the dress circle, in especial, there was scarcely a seat disengaged, and notwithstanding the undue length of the opera, which did not conclude before eleven, very few left their seats finally until the termination of that performance.

It is a singular thing that a composer, of whom so little was known for years, should, in a comparatively short time, have produced two operas of such high merit as "Amilie," and "Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim." Of this latter production we are bound to speak in terms of the highest praise; it abounds in melody, and contains many exquisite bits of beauty, which, although they may not be of that striking character as to command attention, steal away the senses by their exquisite sweetness and their delicious melody. Of this character was almost every air in the opera; and we feel convinced that, if it be somewhat curtailed, so as to bring the performance within moderate limits of time, it cannot fail to become as decided a favourite as its predecessor. Mr. W. Harrison, of whom we are happy to say we have already had occasion to speak highly, fully realized the expectations that had been formed. At his first appearance, as was most natural, he was evidently somewhat nervous; but the genuine English greeting which awaited him from all parts of the house had a marvellous effect in imparting confidence, and he received an encore of his first song. Indeed, his reception was most enthusiastic. Mr. Harrison possesses a fine person, a clear and distinct enunciation, both in speaking and singing, a great desideratum on the stage, especially the latter, and a free action. We were pleasingly disappointed in his acting; there are so few singers who tread the stage well, or who have any notion at all of acting, and Mr. Harrison has been so short a time on the boards, that we had anticipated there would have been something of awkwardness, something of constraint, in his movements and address, which would have told ill; but, as we have already said, he was perfectly free from all ungainliness and mannerism, and seemed as familiar with the stage, and what is called stage business, as a veteran. Of his voice we have already had occasion to speak: it is a tenor of great purity and of the finest quality; indeed, we feel assured that he will take his stand ultimately as our first and best English tenor singer. Confidence is all he wants, and that he will rapidly acquire. The songs allotted to him give him an excellent opportunity for displaying the fine quality and sweetness of his voice, as also the full command he has over it, and he avails himself of the opportunity accordingly. He was honoured, in the course of the evening, with four encores, and richly didhe merit the distinction; we have seldom heard anything so exquisitely beautiful as the song, "Bright-eyed Moorish Maiden," with the recitative, "Spirit of Love," the serenade, "From Slumber wake," and the song, "Oh! weep not, sweet Maiden;" they are perfect gems, and were given with taste and feeling, so as to draw down repeated bursts of applause and most enthusiastic encores. Miss Rainforth's *Alzine* was a very pleasant performance, and she sang the music allotted to her in her usual delightful and chaste style; the best was the air in the second act, "Peace, Peace, oh trembling Heart," which she gave exceedingly well. H. Phillips, who played the part of her father, *De Luna*, had a great deal to do, and did it well; but towards the close of the opera he became somewhat hoarse, for which, when called forward on the fall of the curtain, he expressed his regret in very pleasing terms, and was greeted with numerous plaudits. Manvers also was honoured with an encore in a very fine song, commencing "With spear and shield." Miss P. Horton and Mr. Leffler were much applauded, and certainly deserved the credit they received. At the fall of the curtain the applause was tremendous, the whole pit rising in one mass, while calls for Mr. Harrison vociferated from all parts of the house, and on his making his appearance in front of the curtain, the enthusiasm ran to a high pitch. hats and handkerchiefs waving, accompanied with loud cheering, &c. A similar honour awaited Miss Rainforth, Mr. Rooke the composer, and H. Phillips.

THE GARCIA.

Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia, last night, made her first appearance on the stage. The circumstance of her being the sister of our lamented favorite Malibran, whose family talents she was said to inherit, and the great fame she had at once acquired in the Paris concerts last season, excited much interest and curiosity among connoisseurs as to the issue of last night's performance. Mademoiselle Garcia, on her first stepping forward, was greeted with most encouraging and universal plaudits. She appears about 17 years of age, is of a middle-sized figure, and possesses an expressive countenance, though much inferior to her late sister in personal attractions. The young *debutante* laboured on her first coming forward under so much apprehension as in some degree neutralised her efforts. However, fear, which with mediocre *artistes* is fatal, as it removes that semblance of talent which is the mere effect of study, did not lead Mademoiselle Garcia into any error of tune or time offensive to musical ears; whilst every now and then she broke into some vein of inspiration, and either threw out a note boldly struck, and then delicately drawn out, or grouped a number of them together with the power of one greatly gifted by nature. At the end of the second act, in the air, "Tante smanie," and in the still more general favorite, "Se il padre m'abbandoni," she fully revealed and developed her powers. These brilliant efforts, wholly free from meretricious ornament, brought down repeated bursts of applause, and as the curtain fell the young *debutante* was loudly summoned to receive anticipated thanks. In the third and last act she further established her claims to public favor. Her crowning effort was the beautiful romanza, "Assisa a pie d'un salice," in which it was the more difficult for her to shine pre-eminent, as she had against her the audience's reminiscences of so many far-famed *prime donne*, of which this pathetic air was the triumphant display. We do not remember to have heard it sung with so much taste and feeling since the days of poor Malibran. The subsequent dialogue with *Emilia* was given with thrilling effect; and we can note with almost as much praise the touching prayer, "Dah calma, O Ciel, nel sonno." On the fall of the curtain the *debutante* was once more called forward amidst the loudest acclamations. Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia's voice is one of extraordinary compass, ranging nearly three octaves. As yet, the contralto notes, which with her are full and deep, are the most completely formed. The whole range of notes she possesses more evenly than her sister did, in whom the middle ones were somewhat deficient. What Mdlle. Garcia needs is physical strength and experience. Although her sister, like her, first appeared on the stage at the early age of seventeen, it was not in the very arduous part of *Desdemona*, and it was only two years after that she became *prima donna absoluta*. As time confirms Mdlle. Garcia's voice, and as fast as she acquires the knowledge of the business of the stage, will she ascend higher among the brightest ornaments of the vocal art.

From the Morning Post of the 10th May.

BURNING OF THE CHELTENHAM THEATRE.

On Friday morning the Cheltenham Theatre was totally destroyed by fire. The alarm was first given at half-past three, by some gentlemen who were returning home from a party, and as the fire had by that time made some considerable progress, it must have broken out at a very early hour. Information twas immediately communicated to the different engine-houses, and the four own engines, under the direction of Mr. Whitmore, and the engine of the Protector Insurance Company, under the superintendence of an officer of that establishment, were quickly on the spot. The whole of the engines immediately commenced playing on the flames, but notwithstanding there being an ample supply of water, and that the fire brigade exerted themselves to the utmost, the devouring element got the better of them, and it soon became evident that all attempts to save the building would be fruitless.

About five o'clock the roof fell in with a most tremendous crash, and from the extremely combustible nature of the materials of which the interior of the building was composed, the flames shot up to a prodigious height. The heat at this time was so great that the firemen had some difficulty in remaining at their posts, and the inhabitants of the houses on the opposite side of the street were unable to remain in their front chambers.

Two additional engines from Gloucester arrived in the course of the morning; but they were too late to be of any service in saving the building. The fire still continued to rage with tremendous fury, and by half-past nine the building was completely gutted, and all that remained were the bare walls.

The theatre was insured in the Phœnix Fire Office to the extent of £2,000. It had for some time past been under the management of Mr. Grattan; and arrangements had been made for the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Wood next week. Two or three small houses adjoining the theatre were also destroyed, the inhabitants of which were small shopkeepers, whose premises, it is believed, were not insured, and who have of course lost the whole of their property. The walls are considered to be in an extremely dangerous state, and are now propped up with wooden beams to prevent their falling.

The Cheltenham Theatre, which was a large and handsome one, was built in the year 1805 by Mr. J. Watson, who was an itinerant coadjutor of John Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, who, in the early part of their career, occasionally appeared on the boards of the old Cheltenham Theatre, which has since been converted into the York hotel.

The theatre just destroyed was, in the earlier part of its history, distinguished as being that in which Colonel Berkeley (now Lord Segrave), his brothers, the Honourable Frederick and Grantley Berkeley, Captain Jenner, son of the celebrated Dr. Jenner, and other amateur actors, used to exhibit. Since the withdrawal of these amateur performances and of the Berkeley patronage, the establishment has ceased to pay its own expenses, and has of course turned out an unprofitable speculation to every one connected with it. It has been for some time vested in the person of a trustee for the benefit of Mr. Watson's creditors, to several of whom it is deeply mortgaged. Various causes are assigned for the fire, but the rumor most worthy of credit is that which imputes its origin to an escape of gas. The total amount of damage is estimated at £5,000. Theatricals of late years have been so little patronised in this town that it seems extremely doubtful whether another theatre will be erected in its place.

Destruction of the Abbey-street Theatre in Dublin.—This theatre was consumed by fire on Thursday night. The flames burst forth shortly after the audience had quitted the building, and was not extinguished until four o'clock in the morning, when the scene presented a mass of ruins. The *Dublin Evening Mail* of Friday says, "We have not been informed of the value of the property destroyed, but should think it must be very considerable, as, in addition to the house itself, which was erected by Mr. Calvert, there was an immense deal of property contained in it, not one vestige of which has been saved. We are informed, but cannot vouch for the authority of the statement, that the house was insured for £1,500."

NOURRIT.

We noticed a few days ago that the remains of the celebrated vocalist Nourrit had been removed to France.* The interest with which the unhappy fate of this amiable man is still regarded induces us to extract from a Neapolitan journal a literal report of a conversation held by Nourrit with an intimate friend the very evening preceding the afflicting event. This interesting dialogue too clearly indicates the sad state of mind of which that event was the fatal result:—

"Do you not perceive that my voice becomes weaker and weaker every day? I feel I cannot accomplish the task I have undertaken. My time and pains are all thrown away, for I shall never be able to master the difficulties of the Italian school.

"Nonsense, dear Nourrit; you, a philosopher, a poet, an artist, ought to know that it is not success in any particular school that distinguishes the man of genius. The truth of your style made you great in France, and has made you so in Italy. The rest is but a modification of the taste of a particular nation.

"Oh, no! I can never succeed as an Italian vocalist. I am not here what I was at the Royal Academy. The people are not carried away and moved by my power as they were in France. I speak in a language which is foreign to me, and the public listen to one almost as foreign to them.

"But do you complain of the reception given you by the public? Have you not been always greeted with overwhelming applauses both at the theatre, and in the public journals? In short, we remember nothing like it.

"Ah! this kind welcome is but an exchange of courtesy from one nation to another. France honours the Italian artists—Italy is obliged to do the same to a poor French musician. But I cannot do honor to both countries; I fain would do so, but I feel *here* (touching his forehead) that I *cannot*. I feel as if a fire were consuming me—as if a volcano were about to burst about me! I am maddened! Oh, my poor children! Is the madhouse in the town, or far from it?

"Why are you talking thus, Nourrit? What folly is this you have in your head?

"No, no—I wish to know; is it in the town or not? It is within the town! Far? No. Then my wife and children can come and see me.

"But if your state of health causes you so much anxiety why not give up, for the present, your public engagements? You have gained celebrity enough to satisfy your ambition, and now by employing your talents in another way you may gain enough to live in ease: let me, then, advise you to give up public singing.

"Yes, you are right, but my enemies would attribute such a step to failure. Do you understand? Ah, no; my honour and fame are at stake; death is better than that; I must sing or die: but this evening I cannot sing those detached pieces. (On that evening there was to be a representation composed of detached music.)

"The receipts of this evening are for the benefit of a poor artist.

"Well, then, I will sing; yes, I will sing anything they like, for a poor artist has a claim. I am myself a poor artist. My family depends on me. But this 'Gabrielle de Vergy' does not at all suit me.

"I am not of your opinion, Nourrit; I think it does. The music is fine, and there is much sentiment in the drama. It delineates tender love in a state of desperation. The unhappy lover whom you are to represent sends, as his last *gage d'amour*, his heart to his mistress.

"Ah, that is very fine! my heart to my wife! last souvenir.

"Well, farewell till the evening.

"The last present Yes, farewell."

In an able article on the talent of the deceased, published in an Italian journal, it has been remarked that the death of the unhappy man was not premeditated, but that he had during his disturbed nocturnal wanderings fallen accidentally through a window which had been left open. Unhappily, the truth of this humane supposition cannot be ascertained.

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* A meeting of the chief dramatic artists is announced to arrange the funeral ceremony.

Mr. Macready's Benefit.—Shakspeare's "Coriolanus" was performed at Covent Garden on Monday night, for the benefit of Mr. Macready, and for the last time under his management at that theatre. The house was thronged; and the grand scenic effects of this revival were received with an unabated enthusiasm, such as the repetition of the most gorgeous spectacle can never excite, but which testified the power of the poetic spirit in which they were conceived and executed. Modern times have produced few compositions so truly deserving the name of a poem as the manner in which, through this drama, the genius of Mr. Macready has illustrated that of Shakspeare. On former occasions we have criticised them; on this we only record their final presentation, with blended feelings of strong admiration and deep regret. The performance had its accustomed excellence; nor can we even in this brief notice omit to say that Mrs Warner has raised her *Volumnia* above competition, and enhanced all its beauties. Of Mr. Macready's Coriolanus we have spoken before; its innate nobleness and impetuous frankness; its moral conflicts, so touchingly marked; and its curbless excitement, so overpoweringly realised. It seemed last night to be all, and more than all, than it had ever been. When Mr. Macready appeared, on being called for, he was received with reiterated shouts, and wreaths of flowers and laurels were showered upon the stage. If the palmy state to which he has raised the national drama is destined to be so brief as is apprehended, it will close in splendour long to be remembered.

Morning Chronicle.

Political. "I say you, Sam Jonsing, does you know any ting about dis woman, Polly Ticks, dat white folks talk so much about?"

"Well, I doesn't. You is too hard for dis child dis time."

"Wy, Sam, I tort you knowd every ting."

"So I does. I knows Polly Jones, wat sells coffee in de wegetable market, and I knows Polly Tomson wat does gwoin out to day's work up in Canal street; but wen it comes to Polly Ticks I's bodered. Guess you'd better ax white folks, Pete; dey 'pear to know all about her."

N. O. Picayune.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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